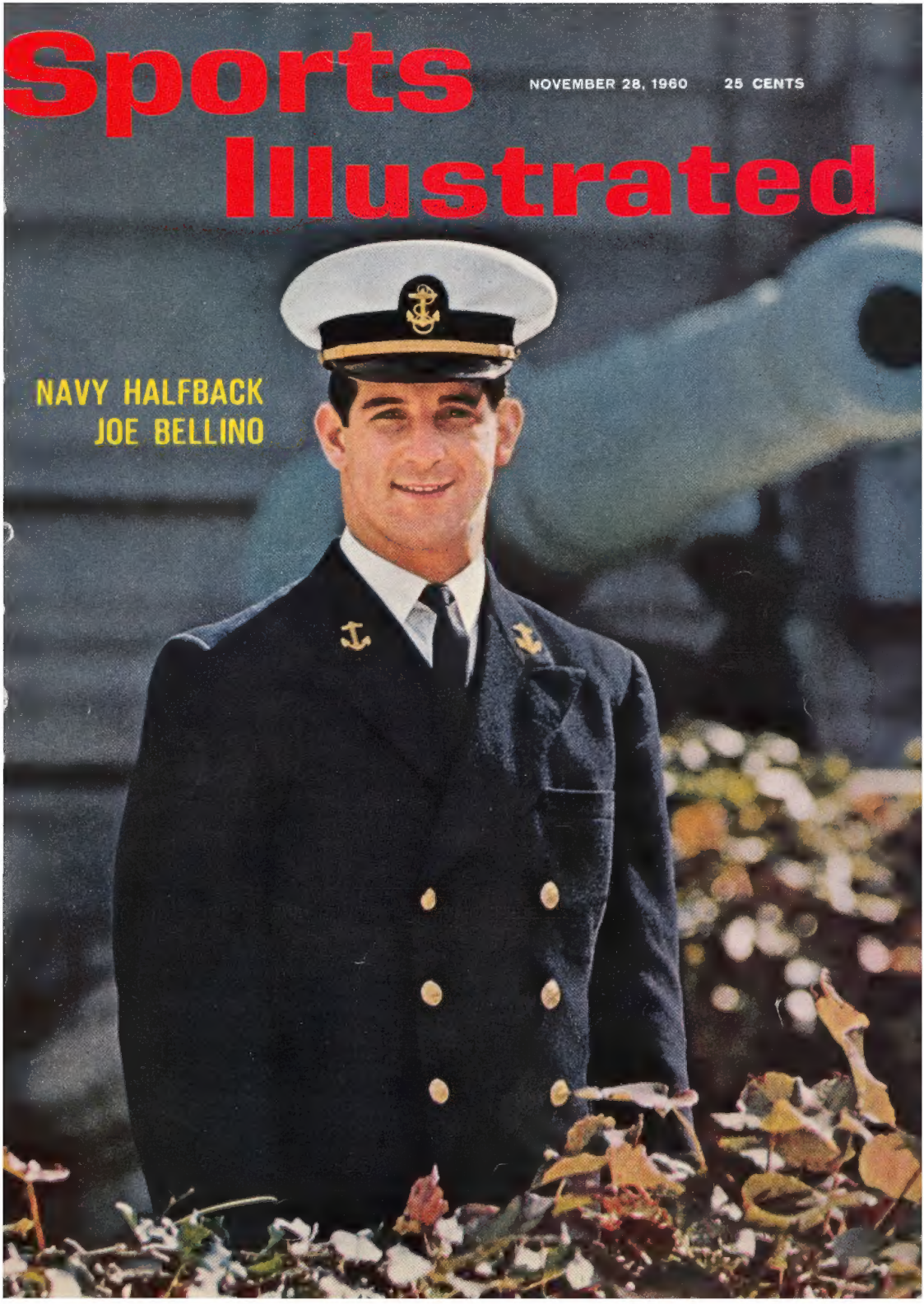
Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 28, 1960 25 CENTS



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JOE BELLINO

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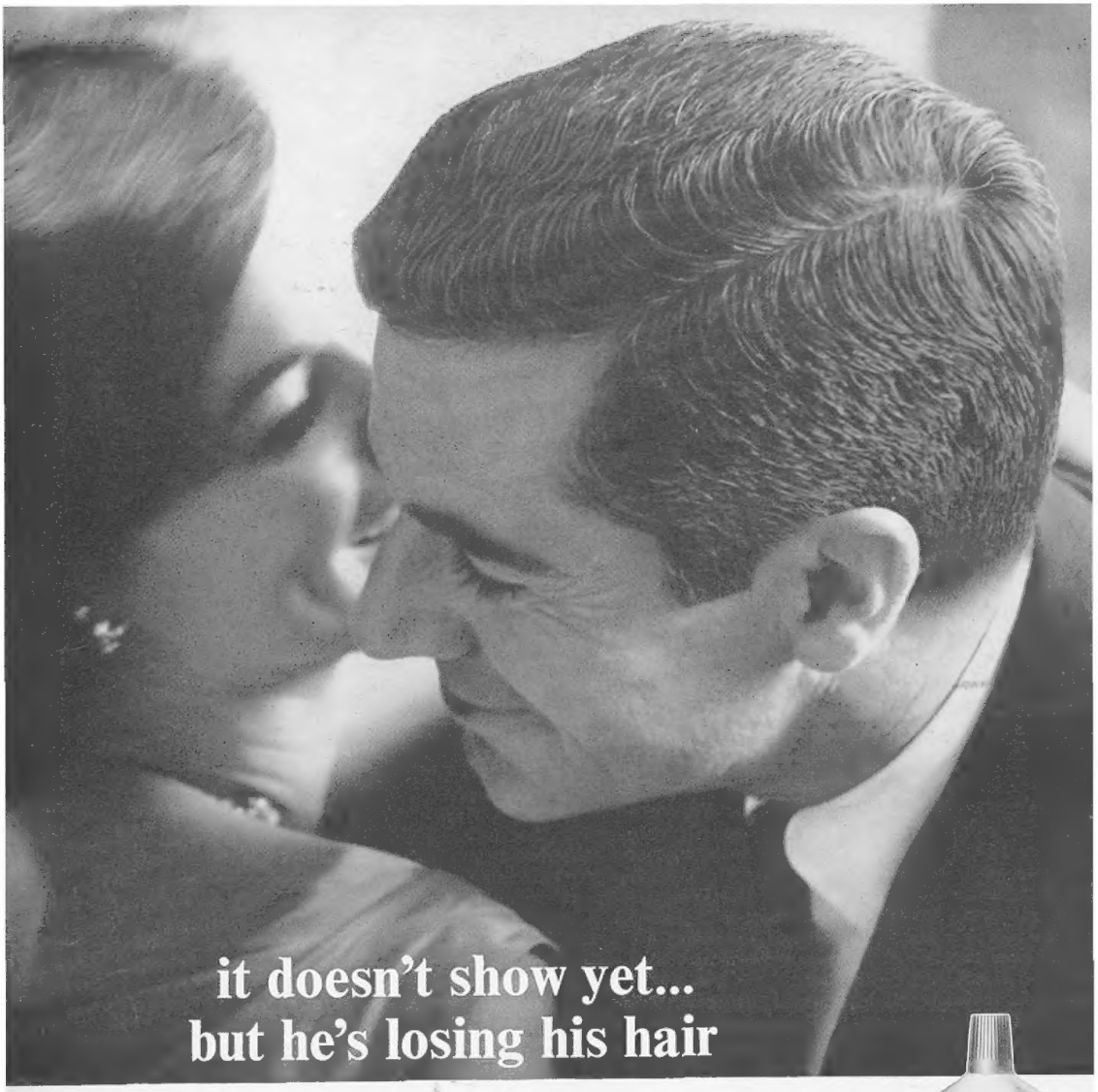

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'TOP BRASS'

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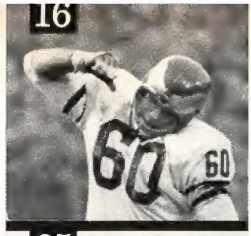

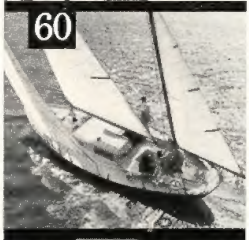

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Next week

Eight pages of powerful color photographs by John G. Zimmerman reveal the critical action in the first two seconds of a horse race—the vital break from the starting gate.

Willy Schaeffler, director of ski events in the last Olympics, points out the essential key to successful shortswing technique for the recreational skier, be he novice or expert.

Golf's most durable and colorful pro, Sam Snead, is captured for the first time as he really is, off the course as well as on, in the first of two lively articles by Gerald Holland.

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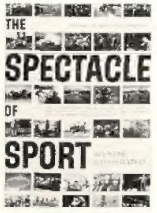
MEMO *from the publisher*

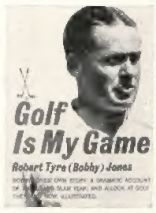
SPORT suggests a nearly endless variety and array of Christmas gifts, as anyone can see from the selection of more than 225 gathered in a special section of this issue. Excellent choices all, it seems to me. To them I should like to add a selection of my own. These are books which have appeared, in part or in entirety, in this magazine—as fine reading this Christmas as when they were first in these pages.

The Pros *by Tex Maule and Robert Riger, Simon & Schuster, $10.*



The Spectacle of Sport, *Prentice-Hall, $15.*

Sports Illustrated Book of the Outdoors, *Ridge Press, $12.50.*



Golf is My Game *by Robert Tyre Jones, Doubleday, $4.50.*

Modern Fundamentals of Golf *by Ben Hogan, A. S. Barnes, $5.*

Tips from the Top, *Prentice-Hall, Vol. I, $3.95, Vol. II, $3.95.*

Bonnie Prudden's Fitness Book, *The Ronald Press, $2.95.*

Wind on My Wings *by Percy Knauth, Doubleday, $3.95.*

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SHOPWALK

New toys and games for children of all categories await the Christmas shopper

by GAY FLOOD

CHRISTMAS is nearly here and children's dreams, like visions conjured up by Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, are all of toys. Each child has a special dream, and the toys in it identify both dream and child. Everyone knows the little Technician, that youngster who likes to take things apart—and sometimes even puts them back together again; the Purist, that active child who is the outdoor sportsman; and surely the junior Status Seeker is readily identifiable. Here, as a guide to the all-inclusive category of present seekers, is a classified glance at a few of the new toys and games for Christmas 1960.

THE TECHNICIAN

Construction toys, which have traditionally been made of wood, finally have caught up to the plastic age, thanks to a canny mechanical engineer-designer named Don Gellert. Gellert's invention, called Poly Rods (*below*), consists of hollow polyethylene tubes, wood rods and plastic-snap connectors—a variety of multi-holed, multi-nibbed sliding rings, fitting tips and wheels which offer new dimensions of mobility and 13 different ways of putting two parts together. Poly Rods, a Modular Fabrications,

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Inc. product, are available in three sizes (120, 180 and 300 pieces) at $2.98, $4.98 and $9.98.

The very young speedster will be able to roar down the sidewalk in the new Louis Marx & Co. 37-inch, battery-powered racer called the Marx-A-Kart. Authentically styled in brightly colored (for easy parental spot checks), high-impact plastic and mounted on a steel frame and rubber tires, this little Kart has a bucket seat, foot accelerator and hand brake. A safety helmet and goggles come with it. The Kart costs $18.88 (battery units are $4.49 each).

The Pilot Trainer, an F.A.O. Schwarz (745 Fifth Ave., New York City) import, is a compact technical toy sure to be of interest to the future jet set. A small control panel enables the pilot to start inboard and outboard engines of a 10-inch model airliner. As the control wheel on the panel is pulled back, the plane rises on a post while, at the same time, a moving runway gives the impression of forward motion. The wheels retract on take-off and let down on landing. The price is $10.95, batteries included.

For the more advanced technician, interested in the fundamentals of radio signal reception, F.A.O. Schwarz also has a Transistor Diode Radio kit, complete with earphone and a plastic cabinet, that costs $9.95. A printed circuit board and solderless connectors make it easy to assemble.

Among the newest of the many portable laboratories on the market is one called the Science of Photography Lab. Put out by the Science Materials Center, the set includes professional equipment and two illustrated manuals to help the juvenile experimenter put theory—of lenses, filters, focusing, developing and printing—into actual practice. It costs $19.95.

THE PURIST

An ideal gift that the young but self-respecting fresh-water fisherman will cherish is a Spin-Cast Pak Traveler (*right*). Beautifully packaged by Abercrombie & Fitch in an easy-to-find red plastic case no bigger than a lunch box, the Spin-Cast Pak is filled with hooks, lines, sinkers, swivels and cutting clippers. It also has a cork-handled, telescoping rod of beryllium copper and a closed-face Banty spinning reel which promises a backlash-

free cast on the first try. The price is $30.95.

To go with this handy Pak, A & F also has a new 13-inch creel *(below)*, fitted with an adjustable web harness, that is made entirely of easy-to-clean plastic. A special import from France, the creel costs $6.50.

The Gong Bell Mfg. Co.'s Big Fightin' Fish set, consisting of an 11-inch plastic fish with wind-up fins, that fights on land or in water when hooked, and a plastic rod and reel, line and metal lure, is sure to meet the approval of the pint-size aspirant. The price, $4.68, will certainly please the parents.

Young sailors will be delighted with

PAK AND CREEL FOR JUNIOR FISHERMAN

a new 16-inch toy catamaran, made in West Germany. The twin hulls, styled in light blue plastic, are decked with natural wood and carry a dark blue or white mainsail and jib. Called the Sea Rover, it costs $14.98 at Bloomingdale's (Lexington Ave. and 59th St., New York City). For the sailor who thinks in terms of single hulls, Saks Fifth Avenue Toy Shop in New York City, has a full-sail racing yacht with a birch hull, measuring about four feet from bowsprit to stern. The yacht itself is 4½ feet high. An exclusive French import, it costs $79.95.

Robert D. Kronenberg, an experienced small-boat racer, has a perfect gift for the young small-boat owner: a chrome-plated, plastic-sailed fleet of six 2-inch scale models of any one of the popular one-design classes (Lightning, Snipe, Thistle, etc.). Three race-course buoys, a committee boat and

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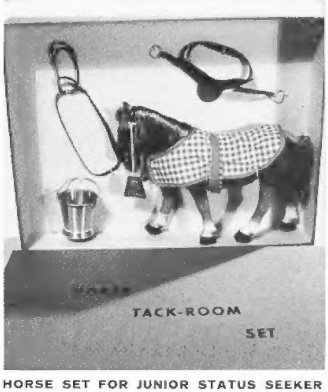
directional arrows to show current and tide come with the set. Originally designed as an official protest kit, it provides a graphic aid to racing plans and discussions. The price is $11.95, and the kit can only be purchased by mail (108 East 81 St., New York City).

The young nature lover will find F.A.O. Schwarz's exclusive Forest Tree House an intriguing, albeit expensive ($75), indoor toy. Built like a hollow tree stump (14 x 27 inches), with a hinged door, it includes a miniature bear family and a dozen other woodland animals.

THE STATUS SEEKER

The horse-loving status seeker will find his ego immeasurably bolstered by F.A.O. Schwarz's exclusive, $8.95 Horse and Tack Room Set (*below*). The chestnut-colored horse, which stands 7½ inches high, is cleverly jointed so that a little pressure on his back makes him walk, and a tug on the reins brings a quick response from his head. Schwarz also has an imported Wooden Horse Van that comes with four 4-inch flocked horses. This set costs $13.95.

A most unusual gift whose modern design would add beauty to any miniature status seeker's shelf is a Swiss-made, hand-carved Noah's Ark. The ark, which measures 22 inches in length, is set on hidden wheels and has 10 pairs of animals and birds on board, made of natural wood, with touches of light natural tints. The roof is removable. Described by Bloomingdale's as "an heirloom gift," it costs $59.95.



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Photographs by W. Barrow

The pursuit at Pascack

Excellence and victories are what they're after at this high school in suburban New Jersey

by ROGER WILLIAMS

PASCACK VALLEY Regional High School in northern New Jersey is one of those curious phenomena of sprawling suburbia—the high school without a town. Four communities have a hand in Pascack Valley—Hillsdale, Woodcliff Lake, Montvale and Rivervale; they banded together in 1955 to build a high school of their own. This produced some problems of divided loyalties, but most of all, says Superintendent James McNeil, it produced "a pursuit of excellence."

"We were starting a completely new high school," McNeil said the other day, "so we had no tradition of mediocrity, no outdated mores to uphold. The parents wanted excellence, and they were willing to pay for it."

One of the teachers they paid for was Joe Talamo (*above*), a graying, forthright football coach who has pursued excellence with astonishing results. Now in his fourth full season as Pascack coach, Talamo has won 31 games, lost one, tied two. The single loss came on Thanksgiving Day 1958, when one star back left the game with injuries, and another was banished for fighting. In track, which he coaches in the nonfootball season, Talamo has a record of 43 won, 3 lost, including 27 straight dual-meet victories. Before coming to Pascack, he coached freshman and junior varsity teams at Memorial High School, West New York, N.J. His lifetime football record ("this is gonna shock you"): 146 wins, 3 losses, 2 ties.

McNeil and Talamo toss around words like excellence and character as if they were the special property of Pascack Valley Regional. According to McNeil, "The spirit of excellence permeates the whole school. A winning football team? Certainly, we're proud of it, but no more than we're proud of our math courses and our science program. Our students can get into any college. Why, last year we had a boy turn down Princeton to go to Stanford. Our goal is to do everything to the very best of our ability. That is our constant pursuit of excellence.

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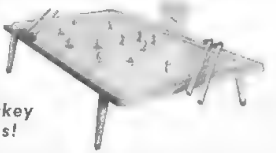

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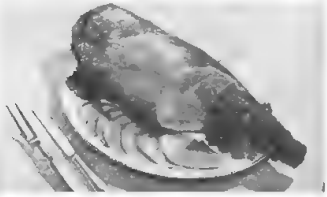

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else, we aim for participation," said McNeil. "Our track team last year had 125 boys. They called us the Green Wave and said we were trying to overwhelm them with numbers. But it's important for a boy to play his role as a male, to put on his track suit as a member of a team. That's his status symbol, you know."

On the way to the coach's office, I glanced around the halls, furtively searching for someone who was doing something other than pursuing excellence. The students seemed caught up in routine school tasks—opening lockers, talking and laughing, fidgeting in class as teacher talked.

Coach Talamo leaned on the edge of his desk and said: "Plays don't win this game. I don't do anything different—no laterals, no tricky stuff, just dives and off-tackle plays. You know we didn't even complete a pass in our first four games? That's right. You've just got to live this game. You've got to have real teamwork, not just play together. It's a matter of character. That's what we've got—no more talent, no more plays, no more coaching ability than anyone else. Just more character."

The development of character at Pascack is not left to chance. Each position on the team (left end, left tackle, etc.) has a senior "big brother." He is actually assistant coach, player and wet nurse rolled into one. "The big brother helps his guys with their plays, their homework and even gets them dates," Talamo explained. The coach lets his senior lettermen write the squad's training rules: "'You make 'em, you abide by 'em,' I tell my kids, and the rules come out twice as strict as I would've made 'em. And now the parents don't complain that we're being too strict."

The rules for 1960 list five "purposes." The first two are to "develop an outstanding team," and "to develop tremendous team morale and cooperation." All told, there are 14 rules, including:

Off the streets and in your home at 9:30 p.m. and in bed at 10:30 p.m.

No one permitted to go out on a night before a game.

Mandatory crew cuts.

No eating after school dismissal.

Dating only on Saturday nights or on Sunday afternoons.

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These strictures, together with customary warnings against drinking and smoking, provide a built-in code of moral behavior. Talamo tried to interfere with the student code just once a bed-check rule in 1958. "I called their houses the night before games to check up on 'em. But one of the boys came to me and said, 'Coach, you've gone with us this far. Why do this now?' He was right and I stopped. I was ashamed of myself. Now the boys take an oath among themselves before each game that they'll obey the rules. I threaten 'em with bed check once in a while but it's only a threat."

Since the defeat two years ago, Talamo has had a special phobia against loss of temper. The second-stringers have instructions to punch the regulars now and again during scrimmage, just to test their reactions. Anyone who flares up gets at least a tongue lashing, maybe even dismissal from the squad. "I tell 'em to forget about punching back, to fight back by scoring touchdowns."

Building character

Talamo says his coaching is based mostly on psychology. "Everything goes back to character," he says. "If you can build that, you don't need any fancy plays. Of course we coach to win, but we're doing more than winning at football. We're building principles of citizenship." Talamo's psychological treatment includes a hefty serving of sentiment. "I'm a tearjerker from way back," he admits. His gooiest concoction is the senior farewell. One afternoon before the final game of the season the varsity (about 33 boys) gathers in a large circle on the field. One at a time, the seniors shake hands with each member of the squad, then take solo laps around the track. "It's one big bawling session," says Talamo cheerfully. "The seniors are crying by the time they shake the fourth hand. The coaches all cry too. They just can't help it. I never hold back my emotions anyway, not even in front of the kids. I cry when I'm really sad."

Halfway through the Riverdell game this season, Talamo really was sad. Pascack was losing 13-7, and he was fresh out of inspirational words. "Finally I said, 'What do you guys *want* from me anyhow?' Then I started to cry and walked out. The kids

continued

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PURSUIT AT PASCACK *continued*

went out and got two touchdowns, and we won the game."

Will Talamo cry when he loses another game? "Nope. When we lose the kids think I'm gonna kill 'em. But I'm not. I'm gonna shake every one of their hands and tell 'em, 'Boys, *that's life.' And I'll be smiling, too.*"

At half time, Talamo says, he makes no adjustments in offense or defense. "It makes no difference what the score is, I've done all the coaching I can during the week. In the few minutes I got I don't fool with trick plays. I get busy on their character."

For all his emphasis on character, Talamo puts plenty of work into the game itself. He is a shrewd tactician who calls all the team's plays and relies heavily on spotting opposing weakness.

Pascack often makes no attempt to return opposing punts. "We just let 'em go over our heads and roll dead," Talamo says. This also stems from the 1958 defeat, when two fumbled punts contributed to enemy touchdowns. "All the coaches want to beat me real bad, and they'll do anything unorthodox. So I have to play a standard defense and watch for the fourth-down pass or run. Anyway, all we want is the ball. We can score from anywhere on the field."

Early each week, Talamo and his four assistants look over game movies and draw up detailed breakdowns, which comment on individual performances on every offensive play. "Laakso," one will read, "hit man in left gap instead of going downfield. . . . Reisman — do not throw crossbody block on linebackers. . . . Pelsang—you are running hard now. Is it because you are carrying the ball?"

The movie breakdowns are copied and passed around the squad. They are studied religiously and sometimes with *direct results. Before the Ram*sey game last month, Talamo stepped into the locker room to pep up team spirit and character. "What did I see? Ralph Rush, my halfback, was reading off everybody's mistakes from the last breakdown. The kids were just sitting there listening and getting madder and madder at themselves. What could I add? I turned around and walked out without saying a word." Pascack won, 73-0.

On the practice field Talamo is a shouter. He berates his players, together and individually, and sends them to the sidelines for the slightest infraction. But he softens his harsh demands with carefully chosen psychological sweeteners. "Do you know who you're playing Saturday?" he yelled before the Mahwah game. "A team with a ve-ry high rating. The fellas who pick the all-state teams are gonna be here too. So you got your chance to look real good."

The boys themselves reflect their coach's outlook. They play good, hard-hitting football, and they keep their mouths shut. There is no horsing around and little talk during practice. They are clearly in pursuit of excellence. **END**

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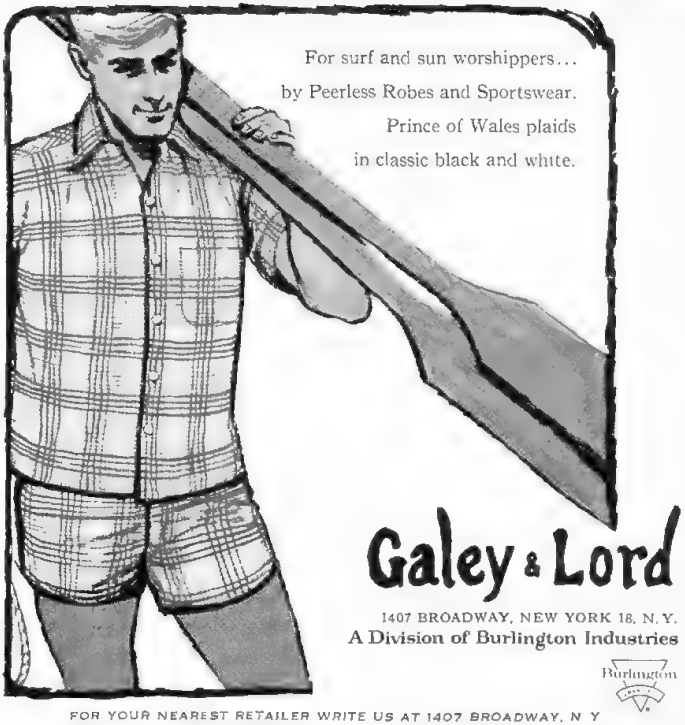

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

Comedian Jerry Lewis told a Texas audience: "Nixon is such a good loser they ought to make him coach of the Dallas Cowboys."

TWO-BUCK ADVICE

That huge daily-double payoff at California's Golden Gate Fields the other day left at least one racing expert on the verge of hysteria. Abe Kemp, veteran reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*, asked Trainer Jimmy Sinnott if his horse, Oriolo, had a chance in the first race. Said Sinnott: "It would take a miracle." Then Kemp asked Jockey Roy Yaka if Covinan had a chance in the second race. "I have come to the conclusion," said Yaka, "that this horse is a bum." Of course, both horses won and produced a payoff of $8,711.40, third highest in North American racing history. "Would anybody," Kemp said later through his anguish, "parlay a miracle and a bum?"

TIP TO THE TOP

For 60 years undergraduates at Cambridge University have been sallying forth at midnight to climb all over the roofs of the institution's 19 colleges. It is the English equivalent of goldfish eating or crowding into phone booths. This night climbing, or stegophilia, has now received literary recognition in the form of a little book containing advice on footholds, drainpipe and chimneying techniques and many secrets about Mutton-hole Turret, Temptation Wall, Devil's Tower, 1834 Corner and other forbidding spots. The book limits itself to the rooftops of one college and is entitled *Night Climber's Guide to Trinity*.

The budding stegophile will find, for example, that there is ample finger room behind the first drain on the great gate, and "those whose drainpipe technique is adequate will reach the top without too much difficulty." The book warns that "the growth of undergraduate enthusiasm toward night climbing has evoked a proportional increase in official disenchantment," but "who would wish it otherwise?" It is true that some few climbers have fallen, damaging both themselves and the buildings. One gentleman climbed to the roof of the chapel after a riotous evening of drink and merriment and took the shortest way down, thus giving the spot its present name: Sandy's Drop. Some

climbers say it is little hazards like this that give roof walking its allure. Others say they climb the roofs of Cambridge because they are there. Only the London *Times* has given the dedicated stegophile a full measure of understanding: "His goal is pure and innocent, and his purpose the sublimer fellowship of sky and stars: which who would thwart must surely be lacking in true nobility of soul."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• When the Kefauver subcommittee reopens its boxing hearings early next month, one surprise item will be the payola lavished on sportswriters by promoters to insure good press relations. "This is not just a case of an occasional bottle of whisky or a free weekend at a resort," says a committee source. "Our reports show that some managers and matchmakers have paid out as much as $250,000 a year to writers."

• One of Olympic hero Jack McCartan's handicaps in winning the Rangers' goal-tending job was his U.S. citizenship. Canadians dominate the NHL and, proud of their national sport, resent "outsiders." When McCartan was sent down to the Eastern League recently, one NHL player remarked, "He'd better take out Canadian citizenship papers if he wants to come back."

• Illinois Athletic Director Ray Eliot is simmering over the U. of Missouri's football recruiting efforts in his state. Missouri has 17 Illinois boys on the freshman squad and its scouts are out digging for more.

• The Sally League, oldest Class A baseball association in the nation, will play without a Georgia team next year for the first time in its 56-year history. Long gone are Augusta, Savannah and Columbus, and as good as gone is Macon, which will lose its franchise to Greenville, S.C.

• A year's experimentation has convinced the USGA: it is going back to its old two-stroke penalty for balls hit out of bounds. Under a local option, however, players can move the unplayable ball two club lengths and take a one-stroke penalty.

• Cassius Clay, pride of Louisville and Olympic light heavyweight champion turned pro, will use California as home base. There he hopes to interest Archie Moore in coaching him.

• Big Eight will poll the conference on barring Kansas Halfback Bert Coan, whose school is already on NCAA probation, from further play. Some members charge that Coan, a native Texan, received "excessive entertainment" from Houston Oilman Bud Adams, a Kansas alumnus.

REVENGE

Mellowing in the off season, Most Valuable Player Dick Groat of the Pirates revealed a secret of the Series and sweet revenge. Groat and some Pirate teammates once had a day to kill in New York and decided to take in a Yankee game. Breezing up to the Stadium gates, they presented themselves, expecting, like all major leaguers, to be waved on through. Not so at the home of the mighty Yankees. "Don't bother us,"

continued

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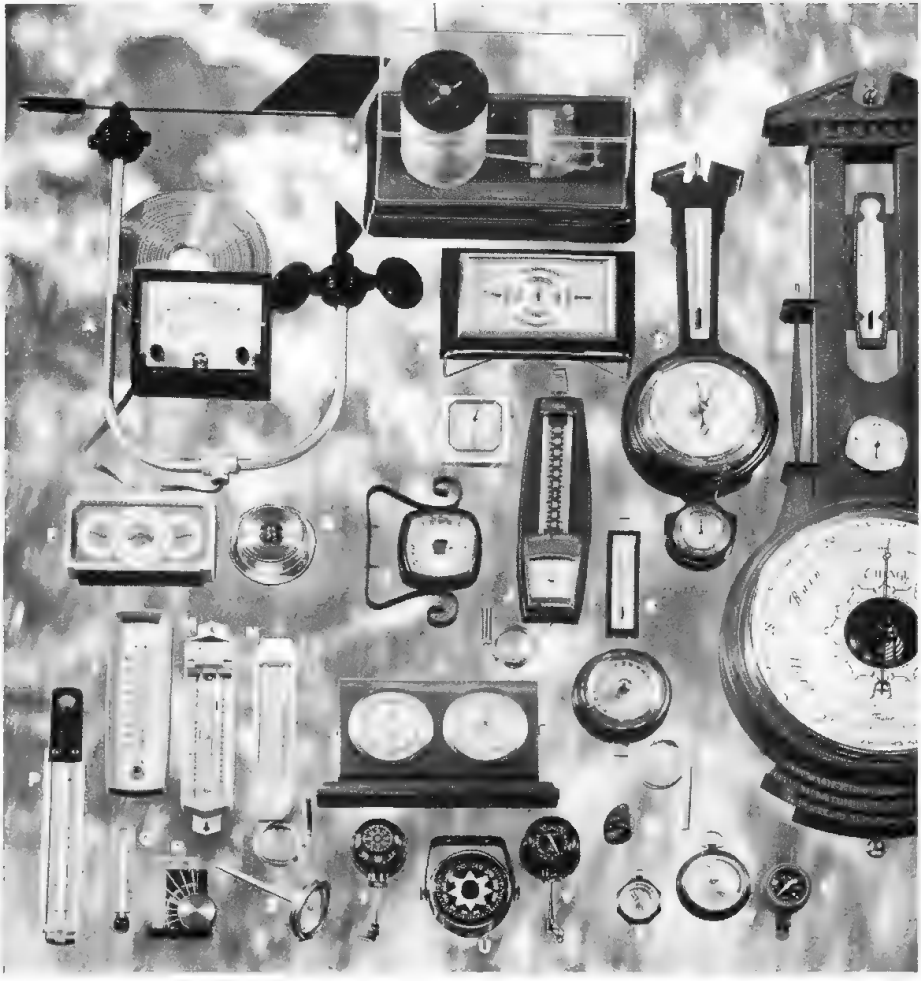

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said the gateman. "We're busy."

Groat and teammates got hold of a front-office man, who gave them tickets. "There were about 12,000 fans there that day," Groat recalls, "but they sat us somewhere out in left field."

After the game the visiting Bucs decided to pay a call on former teammate Bobby Del Greco. They went to the Yankee dressing room, but the doorman barred the way. "Not now," he said. "You'll have to wait." Groat and company waited. The doorman watched them for a while, then snapped: "Look, buddy, I don't care who you guys are. Nobody hangs around this entrance. You go around the corner there."

"None of us said anything," Groat says, "and later we got to see Bobby. But I never forgot the rudeness. I made up my mind then, if I ever got a chance to return the favor for that Yankee treatment, I'd be more than pleased. I consider we're even now."

THE CHALLENGER

One thing about Australians, they're not afraid to challenge anybody to anything. Last spring they challenged the New York Yacht Club to race for the America's Cup in 1962, and the New Yorkers accepted. This posed an interesting problem. The rules specify that the race must be sailed in the complex, highly tuned, superexpensive 12-meter sloop. The Australians have no 12-meter sloops of their own (they had to charter John Matthews' venerable *Vim* to get acquainted with one). They never have had any 12-meter sloops. And they never have raced anybody else's.

Since the sloop must be designed and built in the country that challenges, all this puts quite a strain on Australia's only professional yacht designer, 39-year-old Alan Payne. Payne came to the United States recently to study 12-meter-sloop design and test six tank models he brought along. At Stevens Institute in New Jersey he tried some of his pet ideas. "They were," he said, "some extreme things, freaks really, and I've satisfied myself that nearly all were not good ideas. Besides, it seems impossible to improve on what's already been done in the 12-meter class." Already painfully thin

continued

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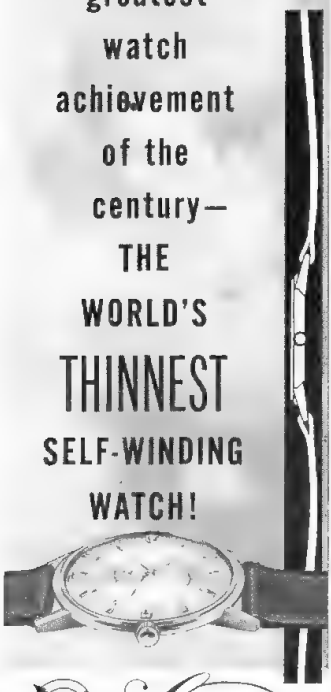

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and dodging an ulcer, Payne, however, is not giving up. "Some people believe the Australian challenge will turn out to be a fable," he said, "but by golly we'll be there."

GOALIES' CURSE

For a fellow with strong masochistic tendencies, there's nothing like goal tending in the National Hockey League. You catch hell from the opposition, from the fans and very often from your owners. It is a regular tub of tears, and this season it has not been any easier. Montreal's Vezina Trophy winner Jacques Plante is under abuse from the Canadiens' fans and Coach Toe Blake. Detroit's Terry Sawchuk, a bundle of talented nerves, has given way to rookie Hank Bassen. Chicago's Glenn Hall has started leaking goals like a sieve, and recently in Boston was conked on the head by a thrown light bulb at the same time he was giving up the tying score to Bruin Don McKenney.

The latest victim is Boston's Don Simmons. Demoted to Providence and replaced by 22-year-old Bruce Gamble, Simmons has announced his departure from hockey. "I have a little bit of pride," he said. The Boston management, he declared, had traded away the team in the last three years, and now was trying to make him the goat. "I've been pushed around," said Simmons. "There's little justice in the world." Spoken like a true goal tender.

JUMP, BEAN

A French entomologist named Lucas, working in the best traditions of Pasteur and the Curies, has made an important scientific breakthrough. He has discovered exactly how Mexican jumping beans jump. M. Lucas explains: "By anchoring his hind legs on one end of the bean and recoiling, the worm inside the bean jumps forward. He strikes the other side of the bean with his head, and that's when the bean itself jumps." Sunlight, M. Lucas goes on, encourages the worm to jump higher, or farther, or wider, or something. Often the jump is so powerful that the bean wall is ruptured. The worm seals off the break with a silky secretion, then resumes jumping. The worm has 16 legs. He has a red head, which figures.

FACES IN THE CROWD

ERIC KAGNA of Vancouver, B.C., 12-year-old son of bowling-alley owner, who took up five-pins at age 8, led his seventh-grade Strikers to victory by rolling 10 straight strikes for perfect 480 (206 points above his average) and a three-game total of 950.

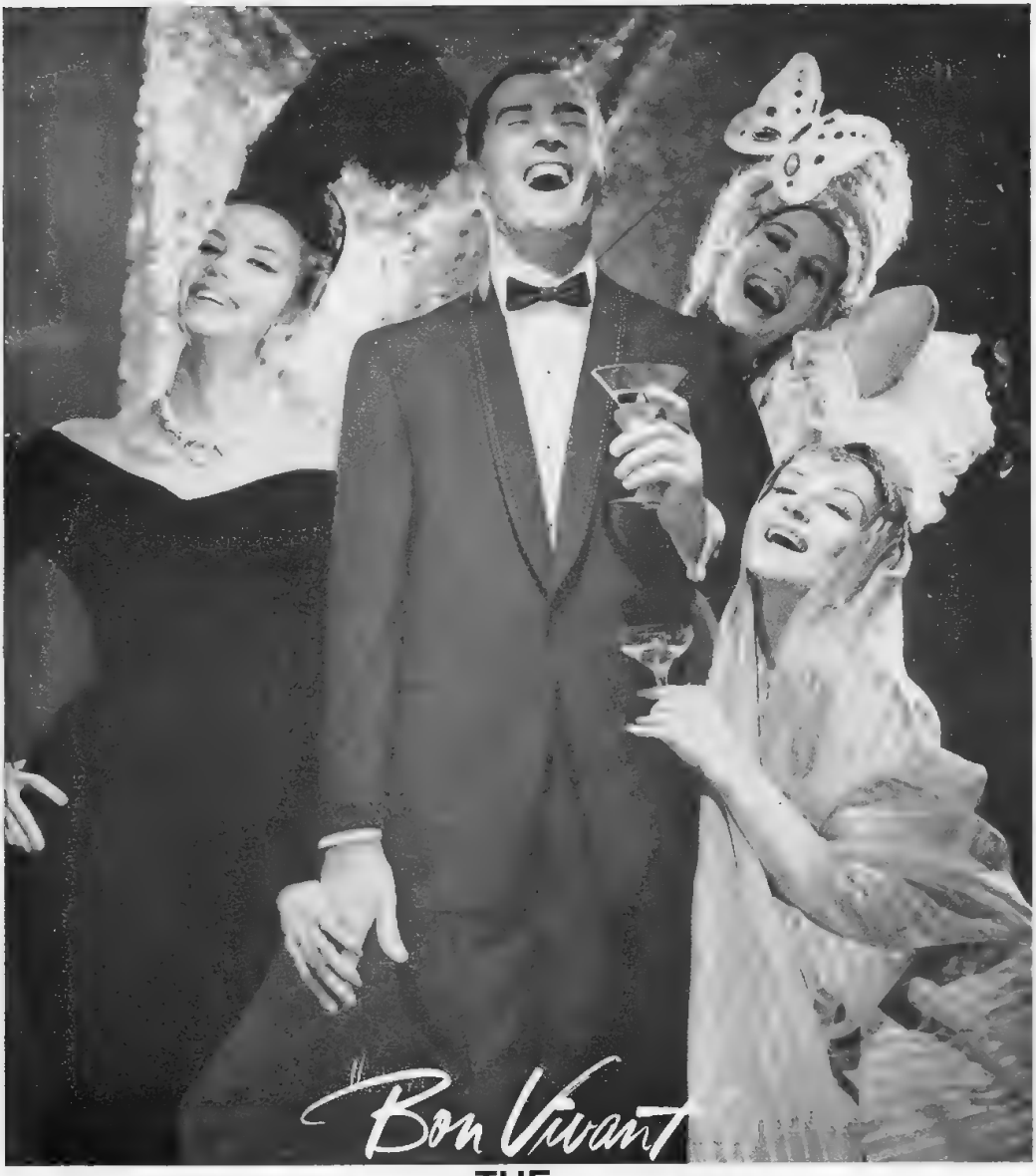
CHARLES BROWNMILLER, Lafayette '17, sales manager of the Treadwell Engineering Co., Easton, Pa., attended his 50th consecutive Lafayette-Lehigh game, received special alumni award, covered contest for 20th year for school's *Football Newsletter.*

BARBARA ROTVIG, women's physical education instructor at U. of Michigan and pro at its golf course, was given LPGA's Teaching Professional of Year award for her work at Michigan and services to 1960 National Golf School, which she directed.

WILLIE O'REE, swift skater from Fredericton, N.B. who two years ago appeared briefly as NHL's first Negro, showed newfound scoring ability at Hull-Ottawa of Eastern League, was recalled by Boston Bruins to play left wing on third line.

HOWARD DYER, senior quarterback at VMI, passed for only 29 yards (three completions in six attempts) against The Citadel but lifted his total offense to 1,359 yards to set Southern Conference record, lead team to third conference title in four years.

BART MARKEL, Flint, Mich. automobile factory worker and former national motorcycle champion, tumbled from his cycle three times, recovered to finish sixth, set single-lap (two miles) course record of 1:51.83 in 100-mile race at Shreveport, La.



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EDITORIALS

BASEBALL IN A MINOR KEY

The expansion of the American League is about to become reality. Two minor league clubs will henceforth masquerade as major league outfits in Washington and Los Angeles. We should be clear about one thing: there will not be more good baseball next year, although more people may have the chance to see some good baseball.

The players being made available to the two new clubs by the eight existing ones are mostly men who are either nearing the end of a normal major league career or not yet quite ready to begin one. The fixed price of $75,000 for each of these players is pretty steep. The old owners, having been more or less bullied into expansion, are apparently bent on making the new owners pay through the nose.

There has been some disagreement about the player selections. The dynamic Bill Veeck, among others, has argued that the league would have been smarter to have made greater sacrifices and given up better players to the newcomers. This would have made for more even competition and therefore increased attendance. But it would also have seriously weakened the superior teams. A lower over-all standard would have resulted.

No, we don't see why Yankee fans, for instance, should be expected to consent to the departure of some of their best men just to achieve an even standard of mediocrity in the league. We all have to face the fact that the new owners will have to spend a lot of time and money before they can build a first-class club.

However, there is an air of hasty improvisation about the American League expansion which is unfortunate. The National League, which has decided on its two new clubs but has given them two years to get started, was wiser; it will also be able to profit from the AL's mistakes.

Expansion was supposed to divert the threat of government intervention to make baseball less monopolistic, although the two questions are only tenuously related. We hope that Senator Estes Kefauver and Representative Emanuel Celler, who were most active in pressing for baseball reforms, are real fans. As of now, their efforts are going to be rewarded with the worst team the long-suffering city of Washington has known.

SALMON AND STATESMANSHIP

Conservationists are in full agreement that where natural resources are concerned the public can't be persuaded to pass up a quick buck. But in the state of Washington sportsmen-conservationists have just provided the exception to prove that rule. When a slew of proposed new dams threatened to destroy the teeming salmon and steelhead runs of the Cowlitz River, the powerful Washington State Sportsmen's Council collected 110,000 signatures for an initiative to block the dams, even though in Washington dams mean jobs. The issues at stake were spelled out clearly by both sides to the voters. Now the verdict is in. Washington's citizens renounced their short-term interests, turned conservationists en masse to vote for fish and to wait for power from other sources. As a monument to salmon and statesmanship, they left on the Cowlitz River a $38 million uncompleted dam.

The state has consented to some temporary loss. In so doing, it has recorded a victory for conservation and fishing. Congratulations!

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COMING EVENTS

November 25 to December 1

All times are E.S.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, November 25

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
Boston at New York
Los Angeles at Detroit.

FOOTBALL (*pro*)
Houston at Boston (N).

SOCCER
NCAA Champs, New York (also Nov. 26).

Saturday, November 26

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
Detroit vs. New York, Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati, at Philadelphia
Los Angeles at St. Louis
◉ Syracuse at Boston, 2 p.m. (NBC).

BOXING
◉ DeJohn vs. Hunter, heavies, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).

CROSS-COUNTRY
NAIA Championship, Omaha.

FOOTBALL (college)
Air Force at Colorado.
Arizona State at Arizona (N).
◉ Army vs. Navy at Philadelphia, 1:15 p.m.
■ (ABC-TV, Mutual-radio)
Auburn vs. Alabama at Birmingham.
Georgia Tech at Georgia.
Holy Cross at Boston College.
LSU at Tulane.
Mississippi State at Mississippi.
■ Notre Dame at USC, 4:50 p.m. (ABC).
Oklahoma at Oklahoma State.
Rice at Baylor.
Tennessee at Vanderbilt.
UCLA at Utah.

HOCKEY
Chicago at Montreal.
Detroit at Toronto.

HORSE RACING
Display Handicap, $50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
The Marguerite, $15,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

Sunday, November 27

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
New York at Cincinnati.
Philadelphia at Los Angeles.

FOOTBALL (*pro*)
◉ Buffalo at Denver (ABC).*
◉ Cleveland at St. Louis (CBS, Sports Network).*
◉ Dallas at Chicago (CBS.*
◉■ New York at Philadelphia (CBS.*
◉ Oakland at Los Angeles Chargers (ABC).*
◉ San Francisco at Baltimore (CBS-TV, NBC-TV,
■ Mutual-radio).*
◉ Washington at Pittsburgh (CBS).*

HOCKEY
Chicago at New York.
Montreal at Boston
Toronto at Detroit.

Monday, November 28

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
Philadelphia at Los Angeles.

Tuesday, November 29

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
Los Angeles vs. Philadelphia, New York vs. Detroit, at New York.
Syracuse vs. Cincinnati, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis.

Wednesday, November 30

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Detroit vs. Boston, at Detroit

HOCKEY
Boston at Chicago.

Thursday, December 1

BASKETBALL (*pro*)
New York vs. Boston, Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles, at Philadelphia.
Syracuse at Cincinnati.

BOWLING
World's Invitational Match Game Championship, Chicago (through Dec. 11).

GOLF
West Palm Beach Open, $20,000, West Palm Beach, Fla. (through Dec. 4).

HOCKEY
Boston at Detroit.
Toronto at Montreal.

*See local listing

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 28, 1960

THE DUTCHMAN HAD A FEELING

Norman Van Brocklin, who calls plays the way he sees them, led the Philadelphia Eagles to a very important 17-10 victory over the New York Giants

by TEX MAULE

"THE Giant defense is tough as Japanese arithmetic," said the Dutchman. "They came after me like I was a piece of chocolate cake in the first half."

Norman Van Brocklin, relaxing after a hard afternoon, smiled and lit a cigarette. "Hell," he said, "one time I got the ball, took two steps and Grier had me by one leg and Modzelewski by the other."

He was talking about last Sunday's game between the Philadelphia Eagles and the New York Giants, which may have decided the Eastern Division championship of the NFL. This weekend the two teams play again with a title almost surely riding on the outcome. It is no surprise that the Giants should find themselves in such a position. It is, however, a surprise that the Eagles do. Almost helpless two years ago, they are suddenly one of the best teams in football, and the reason, simply stated, is Van Brocklin, a pro quarterback since 1949, and one of the few signal callers left in this complex, demanding business who still calls his own signals. Buck Shaw, the confident Eagle coach, believes that the most logical man to decide on the moment-to-moment tactical warfare in pro football is the man on the field. Since this philosophy coincides exactly with Van Brocklin's, the two men are a perfect marriage of strategist and technician.

Shaw has coached the pros since 1946. He is a quiet man who withstands coaching pressures with rare equanimity. He evaluates the coach's place in football honestly. "You can't, finally, run the game from the bench," Shaw says. "This is true for several reasons. One, the defenses change late. A club may line up in one defense, change just before the snap. You can't know what the defense will be, so if you send in a play, you're as likely to be wrong as right. That's especially true against the Giant defense. They're the smartest defensive club in the league; you never beat

continued

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

COLD, CALM Norman Van Brocklin eyes receiver over the charging Giant line.

them on their mistakes because they make fewer than anyone else."

Van Brocklin agrees. "The quarterback knows more about what's going on," he says. "The receivers come back to the huddle and tell you what kind of pattern they can beat a halfback on. The blockers know what kind of play they can handle a tackle on. You got information coming in to you all the time—information you can't get from the sideline. Besides that, after you've played quarterback in this league long enough, you know what kind of plays will work against any club and you get a feeling."

In Sunday's game, Van Brocklin's feeling and his superb ability to direct his team in the ever-changing climate of a pro football game paid off handsomely—after a while. The Eagles had analyzed the Giants, put in one special play and revised others to take advantage of the minuscule weaknesses in the strong, wise and veteran Giant defense. The offense prepared for this game was not the handiwork of any one man. "We all hack away at it," Van Brocklin says. "Anybody has an idea, we may try it." The Eagles knew that the Giant front line of Andy Robustelli, Rosey Grier, Dick Modzelewski and Jim Katcavage was physically stronger than the Eagle offensive line. They knew, too, that the Giant linebackers were quick and smart and adept at the "blitz"—popping through the offensive line to rush the passer.

What the Eagles did not expect, however, was that the Giants would blitz as much as they did in the first half of the game. They were prepared to take advantage of rushing Giant linebackers, but the Giants, nonetheless, at first seemed to go beyond Eagle calculations. One or another Giant linebacker left his post to barrel through and put the pressure on Van Brocklin. The danger in this maneuver is that the linebacker must ignore a flanked halfback or a spread end breaking to take a quick pass in the area just vacated. The Giants compensated for the weakness by rotating the defense, swinging the deep defenders around the circumference of a clock so that a wingback moved up to take the linebacker's place and the safety man closed in to the wingback post. But this rotation also meant covering a man on the other side of the field, one man on one—and the man on the far side the Giants had to cover was Tommy McDonald, one of the most feared receivers in the game.

In the first quarter the Giants took the gamble against the short, quick pass time and again and won, and Van Brocklin spent a good deal of this part of the game staring up into the blue November sky over the stadium, with one or another of the Giant defensive corps perched heavily on his chest. When he did get a pass away, it was dropped. It was a painful and frustrating first half for Van Brocklin. Even his long counts, which he often employed in order to change the play at the line of scrimmage, seemed to favor the Giants' blitzing defense. His calls at the line of scrimmage were reasoned and resourceful, but they just didn't work.

In the second half they did, however, and the complexion of the game changed dramatically. Behind 10–0, Coach Buck Shaw made two significant switches in his offensive lineup. He replaced two young offensive linemen with two old, strong ones. He put Chuck Bednarik, the elderly linebacker, in at offensive center, and John Wittenborn, a knowledgeable veteran who has only been with the team for a month, in at offensive guard. He changed the blocking pattern against the Giant blitz, too. Where in the first half the Eagles had tried to trap-block Modzelewski and Grier—with Modzelewski, Grier and two of the three linebackers all pouring through—they now let only Modzelewski and Grier penetrate and then trapped the first linebacker coming in. Thus the two Giant tackles became the victims of their enthusiasm and overran their targets, while the first linebacker following them—Sam Huff or Harland Svare—was taken out by a blind side block. This gave Van Brocklin time to stand up, look and throw, and the Eagles began to move the ball on short, quick passes to the end slanting in and on short, quick thrusts through the overeager Giant line.

When, inevitably, the Giant secondary squeezed in to try to stop the short passes, Van Brocklin suddenly re-established contact with McDonald running deep. Halfway through the third period, McDonald stepped

continued on page 73

AT MOMENT OF CRISIS for Giants, Halfback Frank Gifford lies prostrate while Chuck Bednarik, who tackled him, exults over fumble (*above*). In next instant (*below*) his gleeful gesture turns to concern as he realizes that Gifford is injured.

by JAMES MURRAY

THE BIG RACE MOVES

Photographs by Phil Bath

THERE IS no stopping California in its push for major league sports status. Following football, baseball and basketball, Grand Prix automobile racing, to the delight of 20,000 pioneering spectators, came to California this week for the first time.

This was not the bright, flashy sports car racing for which the Coast is already notable, but the very best in international road racing: pure, single-seat racers unburdened by the fenders and headlights of the sports car, all the world's best road racing drivers together for a world championship event.

It was only the second such race in the U.S.—a plum plucked from Sebring in rival Florida, where the inaugural U.S. Grand Prix was run last year.

California's Grand Prix took place on a twisty 3.3-mile course that cuts along the arid hills on the fringe of the state's southern deserts near the town of Riverside, an hour's fast drive from Chavez Ravine. For an opener, it was excellent. Britain's incomparable Stirling Moss, the winner, was at the top of his form, and it included one of the most exciting of all racing ornaments, the stern chase. Doing the chasing was the world champion himself, Jack Brabham of Australia, who got behind in the early stages because his car exasper-

WEST

Californians greeted a new major sport Sunday as the world's best drivers gathered at Riverside for the U.S.'s only Grand Prix event. Stirling Moss took first place, but it was Jack Brabham who provided the day's real drama

COMING OUT OF S TURN, JACK BRABHAM (2) HAS EARLY FIVE-YARD LEAD ON STIRLING MOSS AS DAN GURNEY HOLDS THIRD PLACE

atingly kept catching fire. When the trouble was finally cleared up, Brabham was in 16th place, but he refused to quit, and had actually clawed his way all the way up to fourth by the end of the 246 miles.

The race, moreover, was a historic one. It marked the end of a Grand Prix era, a seven-year span during which engine-displacement sizes were pegged at 2.5 liters (a little more than 150 cubic inches). This was an era that opened with a German Mercedes blitz, saw supremacy go to Italian Ferraris and Maseratis in the middle years and now closes with the English in absolute command. At Riverside the only serious entry not wholly English or built with an English chassis was the American Scarab, created for Lance Reventlow.

Beginning next year, Grand Prix engines drop in size to 1.5 liters and finished cars may weigh no less than 990 pounds. Most English racing men, Moss conspicuously included, are outraged over the new rules. They feel that the Continental majority in the FIA, ruling body of road racing, will rob Grand Prix sport of much of its speed and spectacle, while not necessarily advancing racing safety, the official reason behind the move.

It is not surprising that they are agitated. Countries that could not

continued

or would not try to catch up with the English in 2.5-liter racing—principally Italy, with its forthcoming rear-engined Ferraris, and Germany, with its Porsches—will be formidable 1.5-liter opponents. The Ferraris and Porsches are likely to have higher horsepower ratings than the English Coopers, Lotuses and BRMs—as, indeed, do the current mediocre 2.5-liter Ferraris, which ducked Riverside—and the weight restriction handcuffs the English genius for ultralight yet smooth-handling chassis.

But that concerns the future. Last Sunday the English had a high old fling at Riverside, and so did the California witnesses. The fraternity of car cultists was out in force—in spoke-wheeled antique Chevys, flute-fendered Fords, vintage MGs. There were bearded young men with Rollei cameras around their necks, cotton-headed starlets, and tycoons in land-cruiser buses complete with bars and butlers. Considering the quality of the event, the wonder was that more spectators weren't there.

One reason may be that California has been overfed on road racing in recent weeks, many of the internationally famous drivers having shown up for major sports car races last month at Riverside and Laguna Seca. No doubt, too, a good many citizens who cheer Willie Mays and Larry Sherry haven't caught up with road racing and the marvelous skills of the Mosses and the Brabhams.

Here is what they missed. First of all, the sight of Moss flinging his Lotus around challenging corners as buoyantly and neatly as Sam Snead swings his big driver on a golf tee. In this race Moss mischievously intended to trade customary roles with Brabham, who had already clinched the world driving championship by winning five straight races in Europe. Moss, the perennial front-runner, decided to follow close behind the leader—whom he expected to be Brabham—for three-quarters of the race. He then proposed to move up and challenge Brabham all the way to the finish. These are Brabham's usual tactics to the letter, but unfortunately the Australian found himself in no position to accommodate Moss even if he had wanted to.

Brabham burst into the lead at flagfall, and Moss motored along behind him for the first four laps. But on lap five Brabham's little green Cooper rolled in for the first of two pit stops to combat a fuel leak into the car's bellypan.

"Every time the petrol hit the exhaust pipes," Brabham said, "the flames blew me out of my seat."

As Moss took the lead Brabham dropped down through the 23-car field to 16th place on lap 12. There he finally had everything sorted out and was ready to pursue Moss.

Brabham's handicap inspired in him a determination that must always be there but which he rarely shows. Summoning up his deepest reserves of skill and courage, he prevented the race from deteriorating into a simple runaway dash by the gifted Moss.

Fast, futile chase

At the finish Brabham was making up four seconds a lap on Moss, although he hadn't a chance of catching him, and was breathing hard on the third-place man, his teammate Bruce McLaren. (McLaren, a New Zealander, placed second for the season in the world rankings and Moss third.) Ahead of McLaren and 38 seconds behind Moss at the end was Britain's Innes Ireland in a Lotus. Finishing fifth, the Swede Joakim Bonnier complained, partly in anger and partly in wonder, about Brabham's bare-knuckle tactics in slamming past him to get into fourth place.

Moss, who hadn't been aware of the commotion behind him, said he was surprised the victory had been so easy. He was piqued to discover that Brabham had achieved the fastest lap of the day during the long chase, and aggrieved that his pit men hadn't so informed him so that he might have tried for the distinction himself. A proud man, Moss is jealous of his reputation as the world's fastest Grand Prix driver. But he really needn't have worried. Moss's winning average speed was a record-breaking 99 mph for the 75 laps. As long as England has him, in English cars, it may take more than a horsepower edge to swing the balance of racing power to the Continent. **END**

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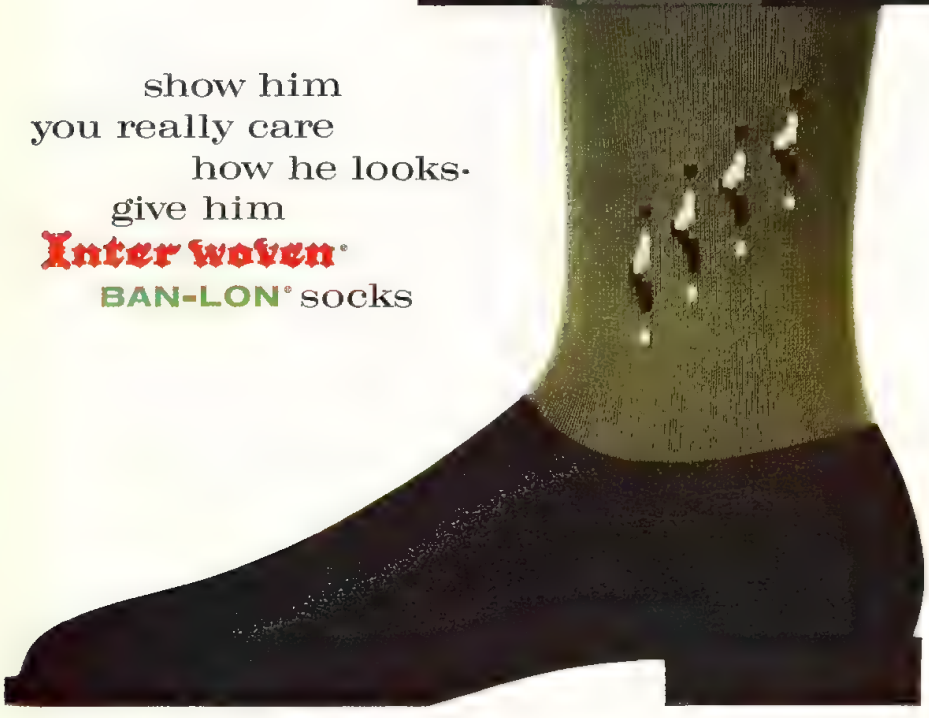

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THE INTELLECTUAL

Jonathan Winters, connoisseur, egghead, indoor sport, enjoys a hearty round of billiards, a game of chess, is fascinated by chuck-a-luck and the laws of chance, keeps fit with food supplements and Indian clubs. An abacus, a meerschaum, a wheel of Stilton or an antique astrolabe would suit him just fine.

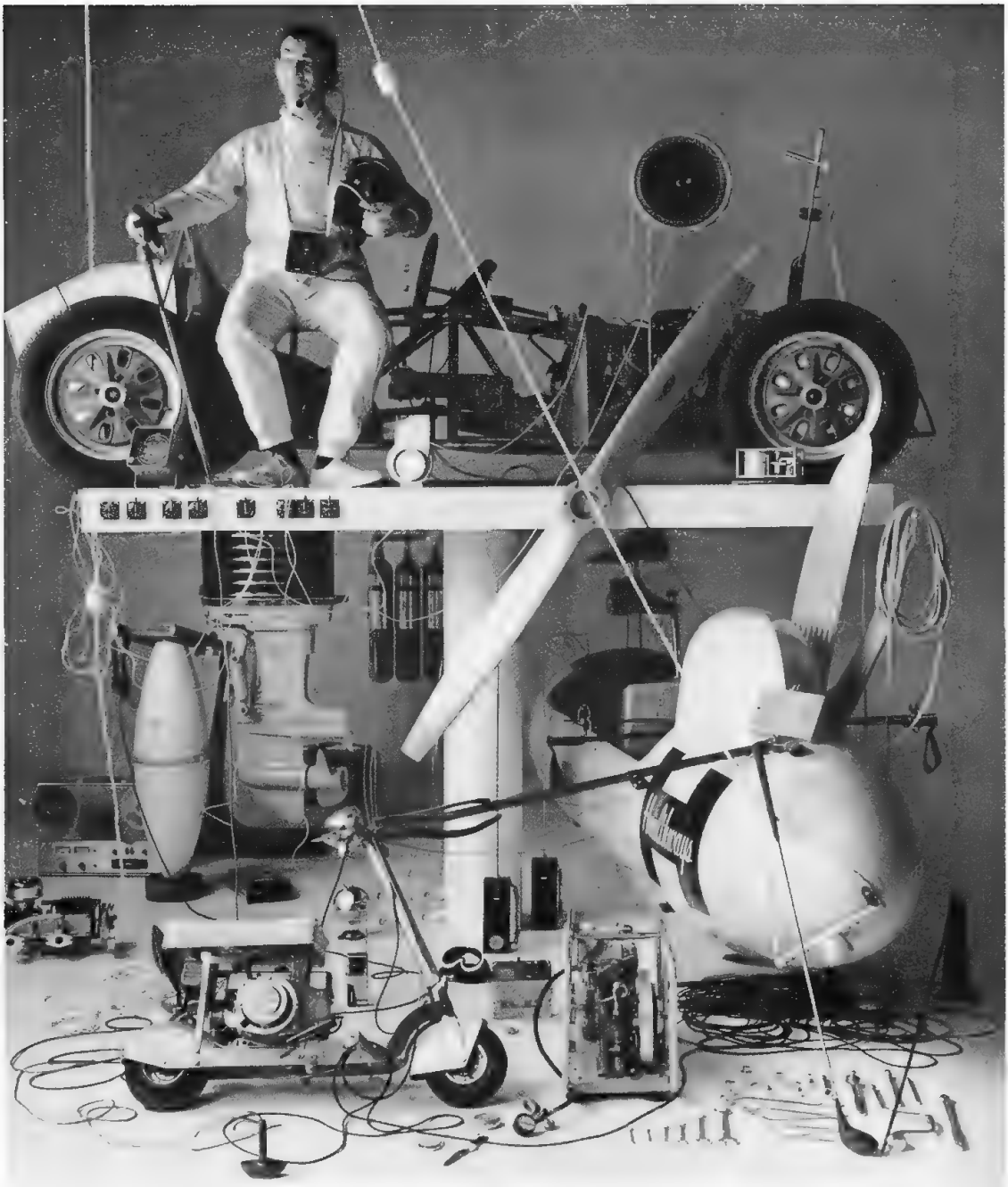
THE GIFTS ARE LISTED ON PAGE 32

CONTINUED

THE WATCHER

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, the Bob and Ray of radio, the Bert and Harry of Piel Brothers fame, have a box at the stadium, an eye on TV or binoculars, an ear to a transistor. No matter how the race is run, come rain or snow, they're watching. Something rah-rah, please, for Christmas, like a Nikon reflex with zoom lens, the Olympics on film or a pair of insulated stadium boots.

Photographs by Lester Bookbinder



THE TECHNOLOGIST

Jack Carter, nightclub and television comedian, souped up and hi-fied on the stripped-down chassis of a formula junior DKW Scorpion, would rather get there first, whether on a collapsible and portable motor scooter, in front of 80 marine horses, behind a propeller or in a skin-diver's dream of a two-man submarine. He likes the sound, not the music. And to hell with the score—what's the time?

CONTINUED

THE STATUS SEEKER

highly visible evidences of his status is the poolside or gameside company of Miss Jane Mason (who plays his girl friend in the new Broadway musical comedy, *The Conquering Hero*). His tastes lean to Vuitton luggage, Allais skis, H. Upmann cigars, if you don't mind.

THE PURIST

William Bendix, one man against all outdoors, balloons into the wilds for a bit of hunting, spelunking and rapids-shooting. A red flannel shirt, a reflector oven, hip-length waders, a portable rubber boat, a handmade bamboo rod (he ties his own dry flies, of course) all appeal to his admiration for the primeval and the true. Mountains? We all know why he *climbs them.*

TURN PAGE FOR COMPLETE LIST OF GIFTS

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Rear Gas Tank	Yes	No	Yes
U.S. Size Nuts & Bolts	Yes	No	No
Turning Circle (ft.)	32	34	31
Weight (lbs.)	1625	1617	1481
Length (ins.)	155.6	160.9	156.6
Front Door Width	43.1"	37.0"	32.5"
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Ash Trays	3	2	2

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WHAT IT COSTS AND WHERE IT COMES FROM

The 227 items pictured on pages 25 to 30 are all listed below. To locate them, start with the sportsman in the picture, then move generally counterclockwise around the page

THE INTELLECTUAL, page 25

Jonathan Winters holds clipper ship model ($44.50, Polk's Hobby Shop). Antique chuck-a-luck game ($65) is from Juergens Antiques. Churchwarden pipe ($22.50, Alfred Dunhill). Cavalier brier pipe ($18.50, Dunhill). Antique brass mapmaking plotter ($85, Juergens). Alabaster chessmen (with board, $65, B. Altman). Model of first steam engine ($250, Juergens). Apothecary jar (for wheat germ, $2.75, B. Altman). Merriam-Webster's New International unabridged dictionary ($39.50). Set of dominoes ($18.50, Abercrombie & Fitch). Abacus ($10, Dennison's). Cribbage set, of tooled red leather in form of two bound-leather volumes ($300, Dunhill). Books: *Model Railroads and Steam Locomotives* ($20) and *Early Motor Cars, from 1904–1915* ($20, both Polk's); *Strutt's Sports & Pastimes*, published in England in 1810 ($7.50, Juergens). Fifth-century Japanese *haniwa* pottery horse ($6,500, Carlebach Gallery). Indian clubs ($6 pair, General Sportcraft). Unitron telescope, for 4-powered moon-gazing ($125, Hammacher Schlemmer). On billiard table: Stilton cheese; Dansk knife ($3); wineglass ($20 dozen, all B. Altman); billard ball ($1.85) and maple-shaft cue ($3.75, both Brunswick, Balke & Collender); French steel-handled épee ($11.30) and fencing mask ($7.50, both Alex Taylor); maraschino liqueur; checkerboard tray ($27.50, Dunhill); 18th-century miniature suit of German armor ($450, Robert Abels); draftsman table with counterbalanced top ($99.25, Sam Flax); hydrographic charts of U.S. waters (U.S. Navy Hydrographic Office, Washington, D.C., from 50¢); wood mosaic eagle by Emile Norman ($3,000, Feingarten Galleries); 19th-century astronomical teaching device (George Karger). Mr. Winters' smoking jacket of Belgian brocaded tapestry ($70), an ascot-collared shirt ($20) and brown velvet pants ($25, all by RFD 1). Tapestry slippers ($25) are by Capezio.

THE WATCHER, page 26

For the enjoyment of Messrs. Bob and Pay, at lower left: record of *National Football League Marching Songs* (RCA, $4 in monaural, $5 in stereo.) Britannia metal flask with shot cup in center ($12, Hoffritz for Cutlery); two-cup brass coffee set with heating coil ($5, Hoffritz); windproof lighter by Zippo ($4); Jon-E hand warmer ($5, Hammacher Schlemmer); shooting stick ($9.50, General Sportcraft); wicker picnic basket with three Thermos bottles, settings for six ($80, Mark Cross); Fairchild Cinephonic speaker for sound movies; 1,200-foot reels of double-play recording tape ($5.45 each, Agfa); eight-day ship's-bell clock ($50) with matching barometer ($30, Hoffritz); sports films for sale or rental at Willoughby or Peerless Camera Stores; brass dinner bell ($1.55, L. L. Bean); two-speed Portacorder tape recorder ($170, Liberty Music Shops); Thermo-Ply insulated 12-inch boots (Red Ball, $19); Binomaster adapter kit for fitting binoculars to reflex cameras ($22) and 3.5F Rolleiflex with coupled exposure meter ($269.45, Peerless), prism glasses for watching TV while lying down ($17.50, E. B. Meyrowitz); 17-inch-high wool socks ($2.45, L. L. Bean); Zenith transistor shortwave portable radio ($275, Liberty); 16-rib clear plastic spectating umbrella ($11, Bradford); alma-mater pennants ($2); 20-gallon aquarium (tank $16; stocked, as here, $115; Aquarium Stock Co.); hand-painted beer glass with horse and rider ($5, Abercrombie & Fitch); 3-by-4-inch pocket alarm-clock radio ($65, Minivox); Emerson Wondergram transistor record player ($68.80, Liberty); tiger mascot by Steiff ($22.50, F.A.O. Schwarz). On stand (*left to right*): Nikon telephoto zoom lens ($595), and Nikon F reflex camera ($220, Peerless); giant chrysanthemums; plaid wool stadium blanket ($45, Abercrombie & Fitch); 8-mm. Cinephonic sound movie projector with speaker and microphone ($259, Fairchild); film splicer ($15, Agfa); Zoom 8 reflex automatic movie camera, $189.50, Eastman Kodak Co.); Binomaster 7x50 binoculars for attaching to reflex camera ($48, Peerless); 7x50 Hensoldt binoculars with roof prism ($188.10, Abercrombie & Fitch); Milo 7x50 binoculars, wide-angle lens ($33, Hoffritz); Astronar 6x30 monocular lens for attaching to reflex camera ($49.50, Peerless); Minox camera ($150, Willoughby); Zoom 8 automatic movie camera, model 2 ($139.50, Eastman Kodak Co.); Bell & Howell zoom-lens movie camera ($210, Willoughby). Behind Elliott: a 40-by-40-inch movie screen ($10, Willoughby); brass Indian taxi horn ($18, Mark Cross); 30-inch megaphone ($6.25, Alex Taylor); French-made collapsible cobweb chair ($28, Hammacher Schlemmer); color TV console with remote control ($925, RCA); Cinephonic 8-mm. movie camera with sound and action synchronized, battery drive ($249, Fairchild); brass-and-aluminum hat rack ($250, Hammacher Schlemmer); hats for all sporting occasions (from Knox and Cavanagh). Ray Goulding is lounging in a chrome-steel and ebonized-wood chair with black fur cover by Le Corbusier ($925, LaVerne). He wears straw boater ($8.95, Knox), earmuffs ($1, B. Altman), a wetproof fisherman's trolling shirt with parka hood ($11, L. L. Bean), and four-buckle rubber gaiters ($12, U.S. Rubber); smokes an English brier Charatan pipe ($40, Mark Cross). Bob Elliott holds 10-rib nylon red-and-black golf umbrella ($11.50, General Sportcraft); and wears a Tyrolean velour hat ($20, Stetson); a six-foot school scarf ($5, B. Altman); a brown nutria double-breasted greatcoat ($1,500 with tax, Ben Kahn); and plastic Pak-A-Way rubber shoes ($3.50, U.S. Rubber).

THE TECHNOLOGIST, page 27

Jack Carter sits on a Scorpion-DKW racing car (with body, $5,000, Heppenstall Automotive). Below him are Sonar electronic depth indicator ($139.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); eight different timing devices for sports cars (from $39.50 to $110 each, Heuer Timer Corp.); Airguide water-ski-to-boat intercom ($65, B. Altman); 80-horsepower Mercury 800 outboard motor ($1,061); Power Diver, for pulling skin-diver ($250, Bludworth Marine); Ampex portable tape recorder ($950, Sonocraft); Supercharger for Austin-Healey Sprite ($165, Judson Research); 12-volt Narco Mark VI omni aircraft navigation instrument ($950, Van Dusen Aircraft Supplies Co.); Joy-Ride folding motor scooter ($214.50, Hammacher Schlemmer); transistor pocket phone ($250 for pair, Globe Electronics, Hammacher Schlemmer); "Sputnik" barometer-thermometer-hygrometer ($25, Hoffritz); Cressi skin-diver's mask ($8, Healthways); transistor walkie-talkie WE phones ($300, Abercrombie & Fitch); Concertone all-transistor tape recorder ($200, Sonocraft); antimagnetic Hanhart stop watch ($17.50, Hoffritz); Accutron electronic wristwatch ($175 to $395, Bulova); altimeter in brass case ($65, E. B. Meyrowitz); Alize high-pressure compressor for skin-divers ($475, U.S. Divers Co., Aqua-Lung Center); 26-piece socket-tool set (with case) for foreign cars ($32.95, Sears Roebuck); hinged-shaft Private-Pro practice golf club ($22, Abercrombie & Fitch); two-man, 18-foot fiber-glass submarine ($1,500, Healthways); Champion deluxe Arbalete spear gun ($27.50, U.S. Divers Co.); Head ski poles ($24.50); Dwyer wind speed indicator with outdoor vane (on car) ($20, Hammacher Schlemmer); Kimball fiber-glass water skis ($60, Abercrombie & Fitch);

continued on page 70

Here come happy holidays

Festively-wrapped Hiram Walker's Cordials... sure to be welcomed by everyone on your list

Give one, give all of these four popular favorites—flavorful Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, and Anisette—and give them to one and all. Happily, you'll find they're beautifully packaged in foil at no extra cost. Your friends are sure to be flattered. And you'll feel like the smartest shopper yet.

CREME DE MENTHE, CREME DE CACAO, ANISETTE, 60 PROOF; BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. HIRAM WALKER AND SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

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Lincoln Continental for 1961...ideal in size...styled in the Continental tradition ...engineered for unprecedented reliability

Today, Lincoln Continental presents a new concept in fine cars...a full six-passenger luxury automobile with the fundamental convenience of rational size...a car that is designed to handle, turn and park with superb ease.

The 1961 Lincoln Continental is built to unprecedented standards of quality and reliability—standards shared with no other car in America. In fact, tolerances on many parts are so demanding that special machine tools had to be designed and built before the parts could be manufactured.

Extraordinary reliability

A trouble-free car is the essential foundation of true motoring satisfaction. That is why every single car is given a 12-mile road test (and the inspection list has 189 check points!). Why parking brake conduits are lined with nylon so cables cannot rust and stick. Why the electric motors that operate the power windows are dipped in latex rubber to seal out moisture. Why front suspension points that formerly required lubrication every 2,000 miles now have a sealed lubrication system that needs attention only at 30,000-mile intervals. Why, in fact, we insist on several thousand extra operations that we could eliminate without any visible change in the car. All these extra operations are performed on every 1961 Lincoln Continental to make it as trouble-free as possible.

Other specific features contribute to the comfort and convenience of the 1961 Lincoln Continental: The only center-opening doors on any American automobile—counterbalanced for a wonderful new ease of entrance, and all safety-locked at a flick of the driver's finger. Seats cushioned in nearly three times the amount of foam rubber used on other luxury automobiles. And the 1961 Lincoln Continental has been so thoughtfully engineered and so carefully built that maintenance servicing, including oil changes, is necessary only at 6,000-mile intervals—just twice a year under normal driving conditions.

The merit of ideal size

Interior space is astonishing in so sleek a vehicle (front seat hip room is virtually the same, even though the car is narrower; the driver's leg room is increased, though the car is 14 inches shorter over-all). Equipment is so complete that power brakes, power steering, even power window lifts are *standard*. And, particularly noteworthy, the line includes America's only four-door convertible.

Enduring Continental styling

Here is the modern convenience of sensible size brilliantly set forth in the enduring beauty of a new concept of Continental styling. This classic design makes possible an authentic luxury car that is not one inch longer than it absolutely must be to convey six passengers in deep-cushioned ease and superlative smoothness.

Frankly, if you love beautiful machinery, you owe yourself an hour at the wheel of the new Lincoln Continental. For only those who have driven it can begin to know how completely it outmodes everything that has gone before it. Lincoln-Mercury Division *Ford Motor Company*.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

America's first ideally-sized fine car

BEAT ARMY

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

ARMY, NAVY AND JOE BELLINO

The big game between the service academies is an even match—except for one halfback shaped like a depth bomb

by ROY TERRELL

SOME THINGS they should ask you to pay double prices to see—which would make them only a little less of a bargain. Willie Mays going back under a fly ball. Bob Cousy driving for a basket. Floyd Patterson throwing a left hook. Arnold Palmer coming out of a bad lie. Ray Berry running a pass pattern and Herb Elliott running, period. Buddy Werner coming down a mountain on skis. And an Army-Navy football game.

Saturday afternoon, in Philadelphia, Army and Navy will try to settle this business again, for the 61st time since 1890, and the 100,000 people fortunate enough to have seats will rediscover why this is one of sport's magnificent shows. So will the millions who get no closer to the stadium than their TV sets.

Much of the excitement and color enveloping an Army-Navy game is generated by the two service academies themselves: the traditions, the old memories, the crackling precision of the two groups of uniformed young men marching onto the field before the game. But after the 2,500-man wave of gray which is the corps of cadets, and the blue-clad brigade of midshipmen, 3,800 strong, double-time to their seats, it is the football players themselves who almost always manage to produce something special.

The series stands at 30 victories for Army, 25 for Navy, with five ties. But when the two play, nothing which has gone before is of importance. Records and reputation seem to have not the slightest bearing on the action of the day. Vastly superior Army teams have lost to Navy teams with absurd records; favored Navy teams have been beaten by Army. This year the two teams are of equal stature, and that stature is high. The 1960 game could be one of the best.

Before the season began, neither the Cadets nor Midshipmen were considered too promising. Army had lost Bob Anderson, Joe Caldwell and Bill Carpenter, the original Lonesome End; Navy, except for its startling 43 12 victory over Army, had done nothing impressive in 1959, so it hardly seemed to matter that most of that team was back. Yet no one is sneering at either ball club now.

Army lost to Penn State and Nebraska in successive games early in the season, but the Cadets have lost no more. They beat Syracuse 9–6 and distinctly outplayed a good Pittsburgh team, although the final score was 7–7. The Cadets are not big and they are not particularly fast, but like all Army teams they are awfully hard and determined, and in nine games they have scored 210 points to 78 scored against them. Remembering what happened to them last year, they are sure to play with added enthusiasm on Saturday.

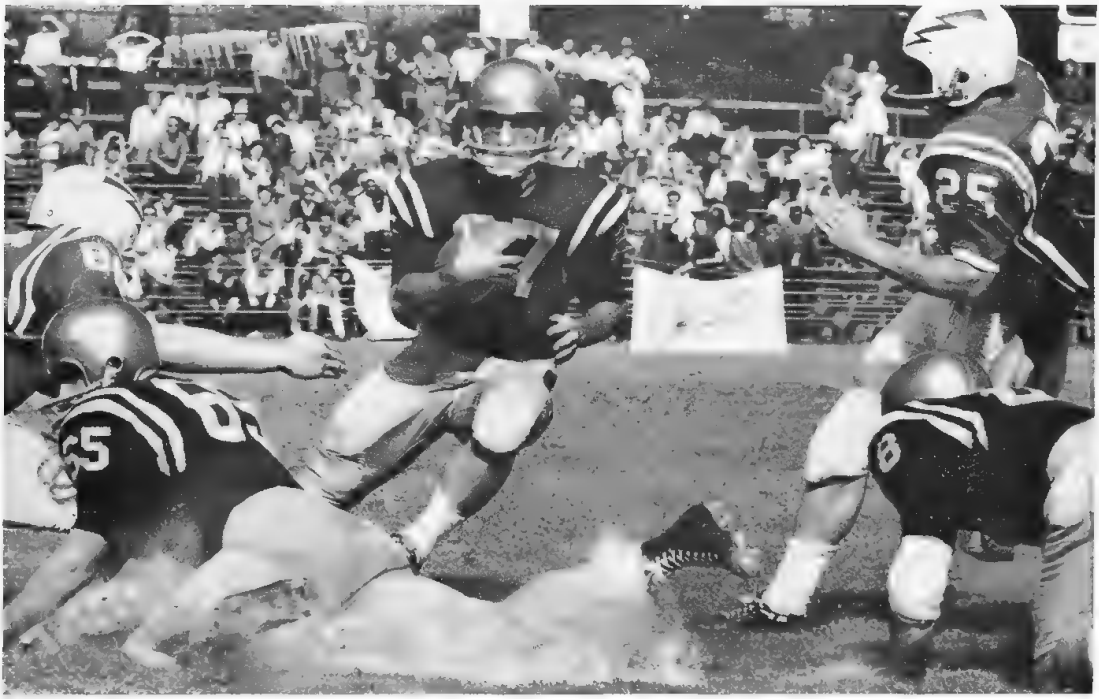
Coach Dale Hall has come this far without anything resembling a superstar. He has a tough, punishing runner at fullback in Al Rushatz, who was an Eastern Intercollegiate wrestling champion last spring but who weighs only 190 pounds and is no Doc Blanchard. Quarterback Tom Blanda can be a dangerous passer (he completed 24 of 35 for 235 yards against Pitt) but he is sometimes erratic; his substitute, sophomore Dick Eckert, can run the ball better and is of almost equal value. There is depth at tackle, but no particular standout; only Co-Captain Al Vanderbush, a 215-pound guard who knocks people down on Saturday and then sings guiltlessly in the cadet choir next day, can be included among the country's topflight linemen.

Navy, on the other hand, started well and kept going—except for seven minutes in the third quarter against Duke. The Middies lost that game 19–10, when Duke scored all its points in one brief nightmare of time, but they have defeated everyone else—Washington, the Air Force, Notre Dame—and scored 231 points to 70. If the Midshipmen can beat Army, they will go to the Rose Bowl for the first time since 1924.

As with Army, there are only a few individual standouts. Navy men con-

continued

BOOMING VOICES of brigade inspire embattled classmates down on field.



AGAINST THE AIR FORCE, BELLINO CUTS BACK, BULLETS THROUGH HOLE FOR 10 YARDS. JOE SCORED THREE TOUCHDOWNS IN GAME

sider 220-pound Frank Visted a superior center, and they point to John Hewitt, a 187-pound junior honor student, as the equal of Army's Vanderbush either at guard or baritone, since Hewitt is a choirboy, too. Navy's young, redheaded coach, Wayne Hardin, can call on two quarterbacks, Hal Spooner and Harry Dietz, who seem to run the ball club equally well, and in Captain Joe Matalavage he possesses a fullback comparable to Rushatz—or maybe even better, except that Matalavage has been bothered by injuries much of the year. All in all, Army and Navy bear a striking similarity, except for one thing. Army does not have Joseph Michael Bellino.

Joe Bellino (*see cover*) is the 22-year-old son of a Sicilian immigrant who came to America at the age of 16 to work in the factories around Boston, and Joe does not look like a naval hero. In fact, he doesn't look like much of anything except maybe the kid from down the block. Joe is a shade under 5 feet 9 inches in height and in his neat, dark Midshipman's uniform seems trim to the point of being slight. He has dark, close-cropped hair upon which perches a cap that Joe insists is not a size too small for his 6⅞ head. He has hazel-green eyes and low-set ears that faintly resemble the handles on a jug, and usually he is smiling. It is a nice, friendly smile because there is a nice, friendly boy inside.

But with a football in his hands and the bulging, muscular posts that serve him as legs drumming down a football field, Joe Bellino becomes something special. At Navy they class him with the legendary Buzz Borries as one of the two great halfbacks in academy football history. With the Army game yet to come, Joe Bellino has already scored more touchdowns in one season (17) and in one game (4) than any Navy football player ever has. He has scored more points in a season (104) and gained more yards rushing (749 in 148 carries for a five-yard average). He has also caught 15 passes for 264 yards, quick-kicked 11 times for a 47-yard average and completed five of 14 passes for 112 yards and two more touchdowns. He blocks and tackles, thanks his teammates for throwing blocks for him and compliments officials when they make a good call. Last year he scored three touchdowns against Army (which no Navy player had ever done before) and even before the 1960 season began he was headed for All-America, as sure as there are missiles on a Polaris submarine. Nothing he has done since has damaged his reputation a bit.

Bellino in action bears no resemblance to Borries, who was tall and graceful and ran with a long, racer's stride. Joe runs like a berserk butterfly that happened to grow up to weigh 180 pounds. Above the waist he is muscular but not big; most of his weight is in those legs, which measure 18 inches in circumference at the calf. As a plebe, he was unable to find a pair of football pants to fit him; finally, they crammed him into what was available and slit the back of the legs.

Against Boston College last year, when Hardin put Navy into stockings as protection against the cold, Bellino couldn't get his on. And early this year, when he was afflicted by leg cramps (he had to come out of the Washington game three times), Joe finally decided that all the theories about the cramps being caused by the early-season heat and soft fields and lack of salt had nothing to do with the problem at all. His pants were just too tight. So Joe slit them again, at the back just below the knees, and now his legs are fine.

Some people feel that Bellino is not particularly fast, though the opposition will hardly buy this. It is probably true that Joe lacks the speed of Billy Cannon or Bobby Mitchell or Buddy Young or any of the other famed sprinter-halfbacks. He has run only one race under the clock in his life. That was in Lisbon, Portugal, at the end of his plebe year. He stepped off the cruiser *Northampton* after 17 days at sea and won a 100-meter dash in 10.9 seconds. More to the point, Joe has been playing football since he was 10 years old and no one has yet caught him from behind.

Tacklers say Joe can go sideways faster than forward, like a frightened crab. He starts as if launched from a catapult, and he changes directions with incredible speed. Some of his longest runs came after he took the ball, jiggled around for a moment in one spot waiting for a hole to open, and then—zip! He uses blockers well, following them, going halfway across the field to find them, maneuvering the defense into position to be knocked out of the play. Yet he also has enough power to blast into the middle of a line for two or three or five yards unaided; it takes a hard, direct tackle to knock him off his feet. "With those big legs, Joe is bottom-heavy," explains an assistant Navy coach. "You knock him up in the air, he's got to come down on his feet."

Bellino can also make a tackler look pretty silly with his peculiarly effective head-and-shoulders fake. Against Duke he faked an end inside, then ran around him. There stood a linebacker, so Joe faked him inside and ran around him, too. And then a halfback was waiting—so Joe faked *him* inside, ran around him, too, and was finally knocked out of bounds when he ran out of room to fake anybody else.

ARMY DEPENDS ON PASSES OF TOM BLANDA, PLUNGES OF AL RUSHATZ (RIGHT)

His finest runs came against Boston College last year (the Boston coach, Mike Holovak, called Bellino's 50-yard touchdown, in which Joe seemed to get away from every BC tackler on the field at least twice, "the greatest do-it-yourself run I ever saw") and against Virginia two weeks ago. In this latter one Joe started outside right tackle on a quick hand-off and suddenly was surrounded by six Virginia men. "All I could see were white shirts," he said later, "and I figured I'd better get out of there." John Hewitt was right there with him and knocked one tackler down; Joe squirmed out of the arms of another and cut sharply to his left. He shook off some more Virginia hands, cruised over behind a blocker coming up from the left side and hit the sidelines. "After that," says Joe, "it was all the way, Suzie." He ran 90 yards for a touchdown.

When the Washington game was over, Jim Owens, the Husky coach, said, "Bellino made us look like we hadn't practiced tackling."

All defenses against Navy are keyed to stop Joe, of course. Duke, the only team to hold him scoreless, had three men dogging him on every play. Army will probably use the entire corps of cadets. It is possible to stop Joe Bellino, but if Army succeeds it may cost them too much in other ways. Bellino thinks this would be a wonderful thing.

The fame that has come to Bellino has changed him not a bit. He kids with the janitors at Annapolis and he kids with Red Coward, the director of athletics, who is a Navy captain. After one game he introduced his brother Sam, who is a garage mechanic, to an admiral. "He made me feel like I was the admiral," said Sam. Joe stops to shake hands with kids on the street who recognize him after a football game, and he will sign autographs until everyone has gone away. His enthusiasm for everyone and everything got him into the one spot that embarrasses him still, the now-famous haircutting bet with two academy barbers.

"It was really blown up too much,"

continued

COACHES Hall *(above)* and Hardin consider this only game that matters.

says Joe. "I walked into one of the barber shops in Bancroft Hall and sat down in the chair. 'How much you gonna beat the Air Force by?' this barber, Freddie Fernandez, asks me. 'Oh, 30 points,' I tell him. 'You got a bet,' he says.

"Gee, I didn't want to bet him, but he kept insisting, so we bet a haircut. You know, he would cut my hair to his own design if he won, and I could do the same to him if I won, if we beat the Air Force by 30 points. Then this other barber, Leon Ross, asked me how many touchdowns I was going to score. 'About three,' I said. 'You got a bet,' he said. What could I do?"

So Navy beat the Air Force 35 3, Joe scored three touchdowns and the next week, with flashbulbs popping, Figaro Bellino trimmed a few inches off Freddie Fernandez' hair and clipped off half of Leon Ross's mustache. "I didn't really want to do it," says Joe, "but by then I had to. Even the barbers insisted."

The next week Joe received a letter from Duke, offering to bet any number of shaved heads that Bellino wouldn't score three touchdowns against the Blue Devils (SI, Nov. 14). "I wrote them back," Joe says, "and told them I wouldn't bet. That I was going to be used as a decoy and would run with the ball only three times." Bellino also added a postscript: "I would appreciate it if you would keep the enclosed a secret until after the game."

Besides letters to Duke students, Joe also writes regularly to his old friends back home in Winchester, Mass. and always sees them on one of his abbreviated leaves, at which time he also drops off a few more trophies and medals and awards to clutter up the modest Bellino home. "I don't know what I'm going to do with them all," says Mrs. Bellino, who is round and jolly and is not surprised that Joe has remained a good boy.

"He was always a good boy," she says. "He had a paper route after school when he was in just the fifth and sixth grades. When he got paid he'd bring some candy home for his little brother Mike and turn the rest of the money over to me. It wasn't much, but it was a big help."

Perhaps Joe is polite and considerate because his athletic fame is really not so new. He was a swimming and diving star in high school, an all-state basketball guard, an all-state baseball catcher, an all-everything in football. Today he is also the uncrowned three-cushion billiards champion of Bancroft Hall. "There was a guy who ran the pool hall back in Winchester," says Joe. "He'd let us kids go inside and play when things weren't busy, but he made us promise not to smoke or cuss." At Annapolis, besides football and billiards, Joe plays only baseball. He plays it so well (he hit .428 as a sophomore and .320, with 19 stolen bases in 22 games, as a junior last spring) that major league teams have been waving big-money bonus contracts in his face for a year. There was a time when a lot of people thought Joe might resign from the academy and sign a professional contract, but now Joe says no. "Sure, I considered it," he says. "But I'm supposed to serve four years on active duty after I get my commission next spring and I'm going to serve it. Either in submarines or the Marine Corps. I haven't made up my mind yet.

"I guess I had about 70 scholarship offers, but I'm glad I picked Navy. I could have taken engineering someplace else, but the first time I goofed off they would have popped me into home economics or physical education or whatever they think football players should take. I can't afford to goof off here.

"The military end of it? You know," says Joe, as if slightly surprised at himself, "I really like it. I don't mind saluting my superiors—and someday I think it might be fun to have somebody say 'sir' to me."

Bellino's academic standing is slightly below the mid-point of his 810-member class. But in the official class standing, which is determined not only by classroom performance but all those qualities—leadership, character, personality—which the Navy lumps under "officer potential," Joe ranks in the upper third. Next spring he will probably get command of a battalion. "I don't think I'll ever be Chief of Naval Operations," he grins, "but in June I'll be an ensign, and right now that sounds almost as good." **END**

ON FLOAT at game, Navy middies reenact an academy tradition: climbing and capping the Herndon monument.

Color photograph by Marvin E. Newman

There's nothing better in a sportshirt or sweater than you

and the Ban-Lon® name

The kids will never decide *whose father is better-dressed than whose father*—when both proud pops enter the ring in smart "Ban-Lon" sportshirts. They're beautifully cut for free-swinging action, of course. And only "Textralized" yarn (the unique yarn with the permanent crimp) keeps these handsome shirts in shape for round after round of wash-and-wear laundering. Only after rigid quality tests are these sportshirts allowed to wear the famous "Ban-Lon" title. Knit shirts by **Revere** Knitting Mills, Inc., 350 Fifth

"Everglaze" Marketing Division, Wilmington, Delaware, supervises the international merchandising of

Avenue, New York. Left: knitted-in rectangles in front, raglan sleeves, full-fashioned; gold, olive, Cambridge grey, beige, black, burgundy, white, dark brown; about $10. Right: English rib, placket and collar, long sleeves; sage green, black, charcoal grey, gold, white, port, beige, grey; about $9. Both all Nylon, sizes S-M-L-XL. See them now at fine stores and specialty shops everywhere. And remember, one sure way to win over a friend is to give him a "Ban-Lon" sportshirt.

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL / *Walter Bingham*

Nightmare in Missouri

The hapless Tigers were the latest to stumble after a short but ecstatic reign as the nation's top college team

DEFEAT ALWAYS stings, but when it finally came to the University of Missouri last Saturday afternoon it brought tears. What had promised to be the most glorious day in the history of Missouri football—a victory over traditional rival Kansas, the completion of the school's first undefeated, untied season and its first national championship—ended instead in a black nightmare as Kansas won with disheartening ease 23–7.

It was the fourth time in five weeks that a team holding the nation's No. 1 ranking had fumbled it away. First it was Syracuse, then Iowa, then Minnesota. Minnesota's loss to Purdue had lofted Missouri to the top. Among the country's major teams, only Yale, which closed its season with an impressive 39–6 victory over Harvard, and New Mexico State remained undefeated. Neither team is strong enough to be ranked among the first 10, however. Minnesota, followed closely by Iowa and Mississippi, is now No. 1 and only Ole Miss, which plays Mississippi State Saturday, could upset the standings.

The townspeople and students of Columbia, Mo., home of the University of Missouri, would have preferred it otherwise. As the big game with Kansas approached last week, every day was like Christmas Eve. Radio station KFRU reminded listeners on the 15 minutes that Missouri was the No. 1 team in the nation. Large gold buttons with a black numeral one were on coat lapels everywhere. Signs appeared in store windows urging the annihilation of Kansas and predicting that the Missouri Tigers would go to the Orange Bowl. On campus, students built floats out of wire and colored papier-mâché to help celebrate homecoming weekend. All tickets to the game had been sold for weeks, and the word was that in St. Louis the big boys were scalping tickets at $50 each. For those concerned, it was wild and wonderful and completely new—and totally unexpected. Even Coach Dan Devine was surprised at his team's standing.

A gratified Devine

"Of course, you go into every game expecting to win," Devine said in his office last week. "But, frankly, I just hoped we could win half of our 10 games."

Dan Devine is 35 years old. He came to Missouri three years ago after a successful term at Arizona State. He is a small, trim man, invariably well dressed. He has smooth dark hair, wide brown eyes and the youthful appearance of a Pat Boone. Sitting behind a desk, wearing glasses, he looks like a man whose total football experience has been limited to touch games at the office picnic. More than half of his current squad comes from Missouri, and many other players are from what are discreetly called "area schools," out-of-state schools near the Missouri border. The university freely admits it has intensified its recruiting program in recent years, but it is quick to emphasize—especially now that its football team has attracted national attention—that the school has high scholastic requirements.

Proud as Missourians are of the academic aspects of their school—the old red brick journalism school and the many new buildings, some of which resemble Miami hotels—the most popular place on the campus during the week was the football practice field. On Thursday at the last big workout hundreds of students wearing No. 1 buttons crammed against the wire mesh fence to watch the team and periodically filled the air with organized cheers. They remained

continued

BEFORE GAME MISSOURI COACH DEVINE POSED WITH LARGE NO. 1. AFTER UPSET, KANSAS MITCHELL LAUGHED WITH CHEERLEADERS

there even as the sun went down in a blaze of red behind the far goal posts, defying the chilly evening air.

The team spent most of its time practicing its two best moves, the crisscross punt return and its powerful end sweeps. Seven times during the season Missouri's fleet backs—Norris Stevenson, Donnie Smith and Norm Beal—had run 50 yards or more for touchdowns on such plays. Quarterback Ron Taylor, an Eddie Stanky type, threw short passes. "He doesn't do anything really well," said one student, "but he's the guy who keeps the club going, so we must give him credit."

When the Missouri boys finished their last workout on Friday, they ate a steak dinner, watched a movie about Knute Rockne and then went to a motel for the night, leaving Dan Devine and his assistant coaches to entertain visiting alumni and sportswriters, and to worry about the game.

The next day a record crowd, over 43,000 people, more than the population of Columbia, filled Memorial Stadium. It was a perfect setting for a game—crisp day, old grads, pretty girls and the No. 1 college football team in the nation. In opposition was a strong Kansas team which had been getting better every week but which also suffered from one delightful fault: it lost games only to teams ranked first (Syracuse 7 14; Iowa 7 21).

It took a little while for people to figure out which of the teams, on this Saturday anyway, was better. But by the third period they knew it must be Kansas. At no time was Missouri in the game. It fumbled twice in the second period, something it prided itself on doing rarely. The team looked tense and expectant. It escaped from the first half with a scoreless tie, thanks to a good defense which twice stopped Kansas deep in its own territory when a score seemed imminent.

Even in the third period it looked as if Missouri had stopped another Kansas drive until Roger Hill, a redheaded senior, stepped up and kicked a 47-yard field goal à la Pat Summerall, the first of his career. That effort seemed to break Missouri. Bert Coan, the high-stepping back whose switch from TCU to Kansas stirred the NCAA into suspending Kansas for a year, caught a pass for one touchdown and ran for another. Suddenly Kansas was ahead 17–0, and Missouri was at last a loser. Missouri did not score until late in the game, then gave up another touchdown to make the final score 23 -7.

The loss cost the Missouri Tigers the conference title, though they will go to the Orange Bowl because Kansas cannot. And it cost them their No. 1 ranking. If anyone should want a bunch of gold buttons with the numeral one in black, they're for sale in Columbia, Mo. cheap. **END**

FOOTBALL'S 10TH WEEK by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Yale shot Halfback Ken Wolfe through the **Harvard** right-tackle hole for 41 yards and a touchdown the first time it got the ball, added another score when End John Hutcherson alertly picked off one of Charlie Ravenel's passes and gleefully ran it back 48 yards. There was more—a 33-yard field goal by Gordon Kaake, a short burst by Fullback Bob Blanchard and two deft scoring passes by No. 2 Quarterback Bill Leckonby—before the limping Ravenel gimped over for Harvard's only touchdown to bring the score to 39–6. All the while, the bruising Yale line, led by Tackle Mike Pyle, Guard Ben Balme and Center Howard Will, handled the Crimson with consummate ease. When it was over, the Elis had their first unbeaten team since 1923 and the Ivy League title.

Among the other Ivies, **Princeton** beat **Dartmouth** 7 0 for second place when Tailback John Scott flung a 23-yard pass to John MacMurray with 53 seconds to play; **Brown** rallied to outscore **Colgate** 21 14; **Rutgers** ran over **Columbia** 43 2.

Penn State took on stodgy **Pitt**, taught the Panthers a lesson in offensive football, beat them 14–3 and earned a bid to the Liberty Bowl. Unable to push through the Pitt middle, State's alternating quarterbacks, Galen Hall and Dick Hoak, swept the flanks to set up touchdown pitches to Jim Kerr and Bob Mitinger. **Boston College** shocked **Clemson** with three touchdowns in the first half, upset the Tigers 25–14; **Holy Cross'** sophomores, especially Tom Hennessey, who ran the second-half kickoff back 93 yards, battered **Connecticut** 30 6. The top three:

1. NAVY (8-1)
2. ARMY (6-2-1)
3. PENN STATE (6-3) and YALE (9-0)

THE WEST

North and south, Californians whooped it up for their own versions of The Game. At Berkeley, 76,200 shrugged off the fact that **California** and **Stanford** between them had won only one game all year, turned out to watch Quarterback Randy Gold pass for one touchdown, score another himself and neatly guide Cal to a 21 10 victory over the winless Indians. At Los Angeles, 66,865 watched in amazement as **USC** emerged from its lethargy to defeat **UCLA** 17–6. Trojan Coach Johnny McKay correctly figured that to win he had to find a way to stop UCLA Tailback Bill Kilmer. Explained McKay: "We flopped our line to put End Marlin McKeever on the strong side all the time. We intended to keep Kilmer from ever going outside on us and it was up to McKeever to take the option away from him." And he did. McKeever was rarely more than a tackle length away from the harried Kilmer, who was held to 29 yards rushing, 80 yards passing. Meanwhile McKeever scored on a 21-yard pass from Bill Nelsen, Hal Tobin smashed over from the two and Don Zachik kicked a 20-yard field goal.

Rose Bowl-bound **Washington** survived another squeaker, barely beat **Washington State** 8 -7 on sub Kermit Jorgensen's one-yard plunge and Bob Hivner's two-point pass to Don McKeta. **Oregon State** and **Oregon** put in 60 bruising minutes, came away with a 14–14 tie. The week's most embarrassed player was Jim Davidson of **Idaho**, who intercepted a pass on his two-yard line with three seconds to go, stepped back into the end zone, where he was tackled for a safety to give **San Jose State** a 22–20 victory.

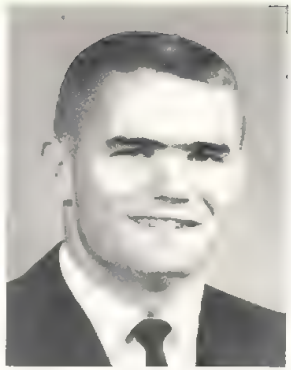
Utah Coach Ray Nagel, preparing his team for undefeated **Utah State**, glibly declared his boys were "boning up on goal-line stands and punt formation." But last Saturday the Utes rarely had their backs to the goal, punted only a normal number of times, upset the Aggies 6–0 on sub Halfback Bud Scalley's 12-yard sprint and forced them into a tie with **Wyoming** (a 30 6 winner over **Brigham Young**) for the Skyline title. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (9-1)
2. OREGON (7-2-1)
3. UCLA (5-2-1)

THE SOUTH

North Carolina Coach Jim Hickey, given a vote of confidence despite a desultory 1 7 record, had another reason to rejoice. His Tar Heels surprised **Duke** with a stubborn defense, upset the Blue Devils 7 6 on Quarterback Ray Farris' passing and running and Bob Elliott's placement in the closing minutes. But luck was with Duke. **South Carolina** held **North Caro-**

BACK OF THE WEEK: Minnesota's burly Sandy Stephens scored twice, gained 57 yards, intercepted three passes in 26 7 win over Wisconsin.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: USC End Marlin McKeever rode herd on UCLA Tailback Bill Kilmer, caught touchdown pass to help upset the Bruins.

lina State to an 8–8 tie, so the Blue Devils backed into the Atlantic Coast title.

Kentucky, charged up by sub Quarterback Jerry Eisaman's passing, lit out after **Tennessee**'s 10 0 half-time lead, tied the Vols 10 10 when Halfback Bill Ransdell bulled over from the two and Clark Mayfield kicked a 26-yard field goal. **Auburn**'s Ed Dyas kicked his 13th field goal of the season (from the 11-yard line), but broke his cheekbone as the Tigers beat **Florida State** 57 21. Halfback Tommy Mason scored twice, led **Tulane** past **Vanderbilt** 20 0.

Syracuse loosed energetic Halfback Ernie Davis against **Miami**'s dispirited defenders in an 80-yard fourth-quarter touchdown drive, defeated the Hurricanes 21 14. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (8-0-1)
2. AUBURN (8-1)
3. DUKE (7-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

It isn't often that Texans will admit—even grudgingly—the superiority of a foreign power. But last Saturday they tipped their 10-gallon hats to **Arkansas** after the Razorbacks beat **Texas Tech** 34 6 to earn at least a share of the often elusive Southwest Conference title and a sure spot in the Cotton Bowl. Plodding Tech was no match for the runs of Lance Alworth and Billy Moore, who probed and parted the Raider line whenever Quarterback George McKinney, who passed for three touchdowns, wasn't throwing over it.

Now only **Rice**, which meets **Baylor** Saturday, can catch Arkansas. The Owls remained alive by plucking off six **TCU** passes and beating the Frogs 23 0. Baylor found **SMU** more stubborn, but Halfback Ronnie Bull ran for one touchdown, took a 17-yard pass from Bobby Ply for another, and the Bears won 20–7, then accepted a bid to the Gator Bowl.

Unbeaten **New Mexico State**, nearing outright possession of the Border Conference championship, clobbered **Hardin-Simmons** 40–3 as nation's leading scorer, Halfback Bob Gaiters, scored three times, now has 133 points. The top three:

1. ARKANSAS (6-2)
2. RICE (7-2)
3. TEXAS (6-3)

THE MIDWEST

Minnesota, last in the Big Ten only a year ago, bumbled along for three quarters, eventually wore down **Wisconsin** to win 26–7 and tie **Iowa** for the conference title. Would Minnesota go to the Rose Bowl if invited? "We've made ourselves eligible," crowed Coach Murray Warmath. But Iowa, too, was hoping to hear from Pasadena, as was Navy. The Hawkeyes massacred **Notre Dame** 28 0 (for the Irish's eighth straight loss) and Coach Forest Evashevski was eager for one more game before turning his job over to Backfield Assistant Jerry Burns. Elsewhere, Quarterback Dick Thornton lifted **Northwestern** past **Illinois** 14 7; **Ohio State** huffed and puffed, finally edged **Michigan** 7 0; **Purdue** beat **Indiana** 35 6; **Michigan State** whomped **Detroit** 43–15.

The Big Eight belonged to **Kansas** after its upset of **Missouri**, but **Nebraska** and **Colorado** were also pleased with themselves. The Cornhuskers overtook **Oklahoma** 17–14 on Bill Thornton's 68-yard touchdown run and Ron Meade's 28-yard field goal in the last quarter. Colorado beat **Oklahoma State** 13–6 for third place behind Missouri.

Wichita ran over **North Texas State** 34–6 to give Coach Hank Foldberg the Missouri Valley title in his first year. The top three:

1. MINNESOTA (8-1)
2. IOWA (6-1)
3. MISSOURI (9-1)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Navy over Army. Both are well rested and eager to do battle. Army can match Navy in the line and has better passing with Tom Blanda, but the Middies' Joe Bellino will make the difference.

Boston College over Holy Cross. The Eagles will have to catch those fleet Holy Cross sophomore backs, but better defense will win for Boston College.

Auburn over Alabama. The Tigers, who are tough any time, can't go to a bowl and they would love to spoil Alabama's chances. Even without Ed Dyas, they should succeed.

Georgia Tech over Georgia. Coach Bobby Dodd will find a way to stop Francis Tarkenton's passes. The husky Tech line will do the rest.

Mississippi over Mississippi State. Ole Miss wants the SEC championship too badly to let down against old rival State. Jake Gibbs will get the job done.

Florida over Miami. The Hurricanes blow hot and cold. Florida has its eye on the Gator Bowl, and would like to go in with an 8-2 record.

LSU over Tulane. LSU doesn't score much, but neither does the opposition. The trick this week will be to stop Tulane's brilliant halfback, Tommy Mason.

USC over Notre Dame. Suddenly the Trojans have come to life and they seem energetic enough to send the Irish to their ninth straight defeat.

UCLA over Utah. The Utes will have trouble hand-fighting the bruising UCLA line. And Bill Kilmer will give the Bruins enough offense for a victory.

Baylor over Rice. Can a Bear outsmart an Owl? This one will have a Bull (Ronnie, that is) to help keep Rice from a piece of the Southwest Conference title.

Other games

CLEMSON OVER FURMAN
TENNESSEE OVER VANDERBILT
SOUTH CAROLINA OVER WAKE FOREST
NORTH CAROLINA OVER VIRGINIA
COLORADO OVER AIR FORCE
OKLAHOMA OVER OKLAHOMA STATE
NEW MEXICO ST. OVER TEXAS WESTERN
ARIZONA STATE OVER ARIZONA
HOUSTON OVER TULSA
TCU OVER SMU

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
12 RIGHT, 5 WRONG, 3 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 122-67-11

Color photographs by Vincent J-R Kehoe

EARS FOR NEW HEROES

BY JOHN BLASHILL

In Spanish bull rings this year a handful of outstanding events and personalities illuminated an otherwise mediocre season. The nation's economic recession held down crowds and enthusiasm, and Chapter Two of the monumental *mano a mano* between Ordóñez and Dominguín never came off. Yet there were great performances, such as the afternoon Gregorio Sánchez fought all six bulls in the Madrid ring and cut a record seven ears, and exciting new headline makers, foremost among them a lithe, handsome teen-ager named Paco Camino and the burly, handsome Jaime Ostos.

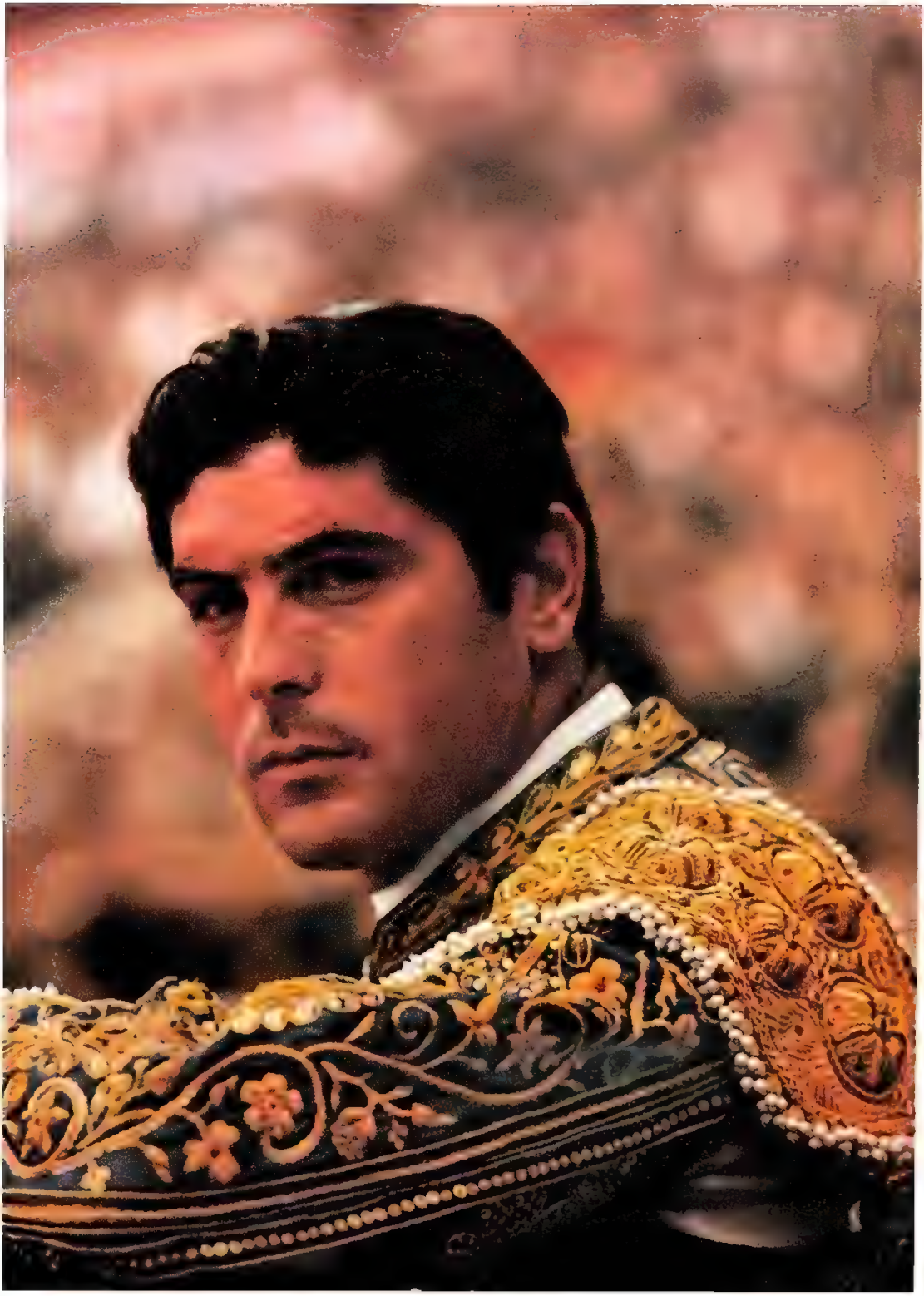
Camino and Ostos are the standouts in a group of six young men who did the bulk of the season's serious fighting. Most ferocious of the young lions was Camino (69 *corridas*, 118 ears), who brims with brash confidence. Paco, 17-year-old son of a former *banderillero*, showed the coolest head in the ring. He gives the impression that he knows more about bulls (and about himself) than most matadors twice his age. As an old ring hand in Málaga described him, Paco is *mucho niño*, quite a boy.

Camino's most frequent rival was Diego Puerta (71 *corridas*, 72 ears), a sophomore who would have been dead long ago but for miracles of modern surgery. Puerta has been gored so many times it doesn't seem to bother him any more. He just patches himself up and, like a picador's horse, comes back the next day.

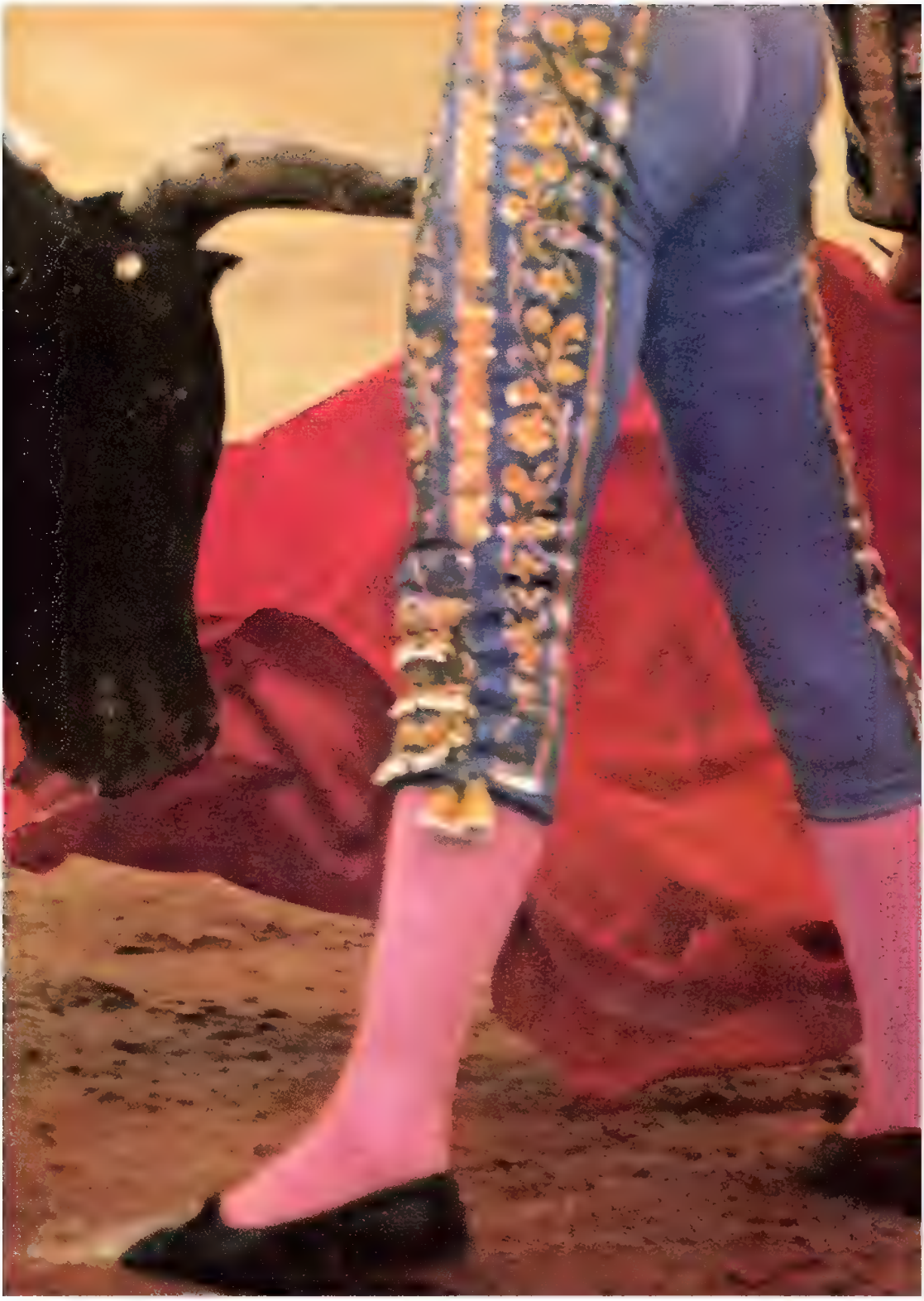
continued

BRASH newcomer among Spanish bull-ring stars is Paco Camino, a full and knowing matador at 17. Camino fought in 69 *corridas* this year and cut 118 ears.

CALM Andalusian Jaime Ostos, a four-year veteran at 25, thrives on close passes. This season he stayed out of hospitals, gave up his gay bachelor life for marriage.



IN FIESTA-FILLED MALAGA ARENA, OSTOS PASSES BULL WITH MULETA. HE CUT BOTH EARS, OUTFOUGHT LACKLUSTER DOMINGUIN



Despite his misfortunes, he was Spain's most active matador this season.

Glamour boy of the younger generation is Ostos (58 *corridas*, 50 ears), who last month gave up his highly rewarding status as the ring's most available bachelor to marry a 17-year-old Córdoba schoolgirl. Jaime is a classic, emotional artist who works frighteningly close to the horns. He used to know his cape and muleta better than his bulls, and in 1957 and 1958, his first two years as matador, he was gored in most of Spain's better rings. His mishaps followed a pattern: disaster would always strike after a fine series of passes, when Jaime had turned his back and was strutting triumphantly away from the bull. Jaime has learned not to turn his back until the job is done, and in the past two years his bulls have stayed fixed when he fixed them.

Juan Garcia (Mondeño), a tall, delicate and serious sophomore whose hair is turning gray at 26, is another future prospect—if he doesn't become a monk. Devoutly religious, Mondeño was torn between the two cloths all season, and his fighting showed it. His mediocre record (51 fights, 38 ears) indicates his struggle, for last year he was hailed as the eventual successor to Ordóñez.

In the ranks of the *novilleros* are two very hot perform ers. One is curly-haired Efrain Girón, younger brother of Cesar, Curro and Rafael, who put Venezuela on the bullfight map. Efrain is hardly a classic *torero*, but his record is utterly amazing. In 42 appearances this year, he cut 144 ears, or both ears of nearly every bull he faced.

Less spectacular but somehow more pleasing is Santiago Martín (El Viti). Viti is a patient dominator who moves his bulls in sweeping circles, even when he is only luring them from one side of the ring to another. The effect is fascinating and certainly original.

Dramatic and refreshing as they may be, however, these younger fighters have not yet seriously begun to scale the lofty peaks of *maestria*, fame and fortune commanded by Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Dominguín. Fighting together, as they did last year, or separately, as they did this year, these two men are still the kings of their profession.

NOVILLERO EL VITI RESEMBLES MANOLETE

Some critics claim their *mano a mano* fights, which provided the decade's best bullfighting, were called off because Dominguín couldn't stand the competitive pressure. It makes a good story, but it is only partly true. The *mano a manos* were halted mainly because the old feud between Ordóñez and his business agents, the Dominguín family, erupted again last winter after a year's truce. Antonio, angered by the favoritism shown Luis Miguel, broke his contract with the Dominguíns, who sued him and won. The court forced Ordóñez to pay them 10% of his earnings until the contract expires.

To decide whether Ordóñez or Dominguín was *número uno* this year, Spanish aficionados had to compare them in different rings on different days with different bulls. Most, but not all, think Ordóñez is now the best. Certainly his 1960 record is far superior: 82 ears in 56 fights, compared to Dominguín's 41 ears in 42 fights.

But success in bullfighting is not measured in ears alone. Dominguín still fills Spain's *plazas de toros* faster than Ordóñez or anyone else. He still enters the ring to louder, longer applause. For whatever reason, Spain would rather watch Dominguín than Ordóñez. The latter, despite his undisputed brilliance, purity and emotion, has never managed to rise above ordinary mortality, whereas Dominguín long ago convinced the public that he is a marvelous and mystical master. Accordingly, he still gets paid more than any bullfighter in the world: 500,000 to 600,000 pesetas ($8,300 to $10,000) a fight to Antonio's 400,000. In Madrid this September, Dominguín fought twice for 800,000 pesetas each time

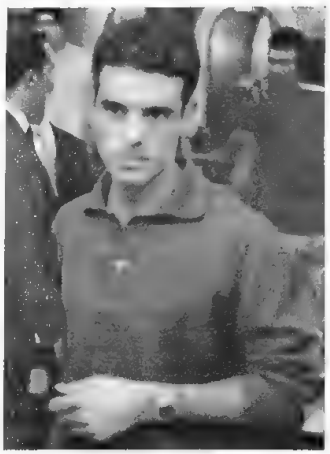
One afternoon this fall Dominguín fought six bulls all alone—and earned 2 million pesetas, more than any matador has ever collected in Spanish history. He earned every peseta. He gave each of his six bulls a *faena* tailored to its character, and cut four ears and a tail. On one animal he did something that set bullfighting precedent. As he lined up for the kill, someone yelled, "Kill it with your left hand"; so Miguel, for the first time in history, changed his sword from right to left and went over the horns flawlessly for an *estocada fulminante*. He was awarded both ears and the tail.

Two weeks later Ordóñez tried the same thing. He went in twice for a left-handed kill, but he couldn't even get as far as a half thrust. Dominguín had done something Ordóñez couldn't, and he'd done it just for the hell of it.

Ordóñez may be accepted as *número uno* or, for that matter, even as *matador de época*. But Dominguín is still the master technician, the bullfighters' bullfighter, the man whom all others watch in awe and the man from whom they learn. Dominguín is the man who can, when he wants to, solve and dominate any bull.

Today, Luis Miguel Dominguín may not be best, but in Spanish hearts he is still *número uno*. **END**

DEVOUT MONDENO MAY BECOME A MONK



RHYTHMIC balance of Ostos' muleta leads conde de la Corte bull through a slow and graceful *derechazo* which brings horn inches from the matador's groin.

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TRACK / *Ray Cave*

Run for its money

Chicago dug up its Pan Am track, but an ambitious group of runners put it down again

AN ATHLETIC-LOOKING group of young men has been gathering at the University of Chicago's Stagg Field each Sunday recently with shovels, sandwiches, beer and a resolute air. There they have spent the day digging away the surface of an old cinder running track and replacing it with several hundred barrelfuls of an exotic red substance.

Because the last resolute men who assembled at Stagg Field turned out to be working on the atom bomb (there is, in fact, a plaque in the vicinity commemorating "the first controlled nuclear reaction" on Dec. 2, 1942), there might have been some concern about all this unusual activity. Such concern would have been needless, for this fall's group is only the University of Chicago Track Club. Its volunteer workers are involved in the safe and sensible process of laying to final rest the best, most traveled and most abused running track in the U.S.

It is a strange and lamentable fact that while this country has a great number of good track men, it has very few good tracks for them to run on. Most U.S. tracks are either built in the hard-baked California style, with no more bounce than a concrete highway, or in the soggy eastern fashion, sandy and rutted like an old country road.

When the directors of the 1959 Pan American Games set about buying a track for installation at Soldier Field in Chicago two years ago they not only found that there were no major track builders, as such, in the country, but that the few good U.S. tracks in existence seemed to be the result of pure luck—the Los Angeles Coliseum, for example, got its ancient but revered brick-dust track, the story goes, because a building was being demolished nearby and a Coliseum official suddenly had the bright idea that the crushed bricks

continued

IN RACE AGAINST WINTER, CLUB MEMBERS SMOOTH THEIR NEW STAGG FIELD TRACK

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Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you lose weight safely, without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal is supported by long-term clinical validation.

Metrecal was introduced a little more than a year ago. Its aim: to provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience. Our continuing admonition: consult your physician concerning the problems of weight control.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing program; *and* Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

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Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include:

The new concept—The measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product a complete formulation designed expressly for weight reduction. Hence, Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve effective weight loss through accurate control of caloric intake on a program that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying, and convenient.

Clinical validation—Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice—Metrecal is available nationally in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavors tailored to the needs of your taste, method of use, and purse.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they lose weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied.

Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight loss.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight reduction and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any, hunger occurs after the first day or two.

How Metrecal is available

Metrecal is available nationally both as a liquid and as a powder. The liquid is in handy eight-ounce cans, ready to drink. Each can of liquid provides an individual 225-calorie meal.

The powder is in ½-pound cans and economy-size 3½-pound cans. One-half pound of powder, when mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie program.

Metrecal comes in a variety of delicious flavors: chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, and the new orange.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-reducing program.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, EVANSVILLE 21, INDIANA

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See the 1961 Bag Boy at leading pro shops, sporting goods and department stores everywhere. or write Jarman-Williamson, 601 N.E. 28th Avenue, Portland, Oregon for free catalog.

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the world's favorite golf cart

would make a good running surface.

As a result, the Pan American Games sponsors turned to England, and for $85,000 purchased a track made of En-Tout-Cas, a unique blend of English Midland clay, cinders of burnt peat and other ingredients (including the one which turns the substance bright red) that the En-Tout-Cas Company won't talk about. This mixture has been used for some of the finest tracks in the world: the one at Oxford on which Roger Bannister ran the first four-minute mile, the 1956 Olympic track at Melbourne, the Dublin track where Herb Elliott ran his world record mile in 1958, and even the track which the Sheik of Kuwait built for his university on the Persian Gulf (no records are likely to be set *there*, however, because of the tendency of the temperature to climb up to the neighborhood of 140°).

Runners like En-Tout-Cas because it is crisp on top, damp and springy underneath, does not grab at spikes and, as its name implies (it is French for "in any case") is an all-weather surface, which is usable even after a heavy rain.

Midgets out

In the spring of 1959 the asphalt roadway in Soldier Field, which was being used by midget auto racers, was ripped out by the Chicago Park District and replaced with 485 tons of En-Tout-Cas, shipped from London in sturdy metal barrels. City officials talked of the new track turning Chicago into a U.S. center for international track and field events and envisioned it as a permanent sporting facility for the city.

It was a dream track, all right, but it remained a dream. Only one meet, the Pan American Games, was ever held on this wonderful Soldier Field installation. Even for that meet the track wasn't at its best: no runners had used it, it was not packed down and it needed a winter to settle. Still, of the 18 running events held, 12 resulted in new Pan American Games records.

After that the track lay deserted. Last spring, beset by the costs of administering Soldier Field and seeing little prospect of revenue from future track meets, the park commissioners

continued

Good-looking, yes. Highly honorable, too. The Dauphine's promise of high mileage, for instance, is always kept—good or bad roads, easy or rough traffic, always fairly close to 40 mpg. No obsolescence problems either—planned or otherwise. At a new, extra-fair price.

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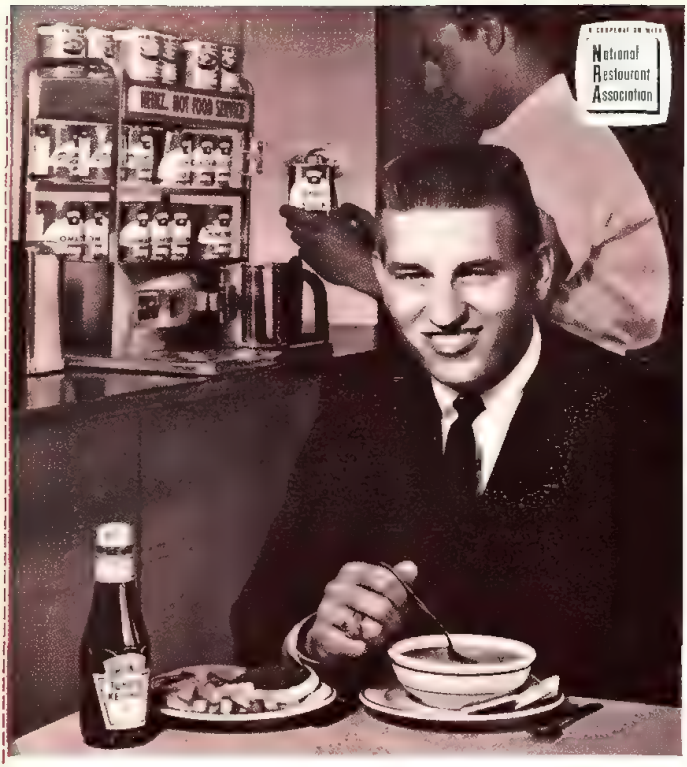
SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE P.O.E. EAST COAST

RENAULT Dauphine



Johnny Unitas, quarterback of the champion Baltimore Colts

How **Johnny Unitas** picks good places to "eat on the run"

"When you're grabbing quick bites here and there as often as I am," says Baltimore Colts quarterback Johnny Unitas, "you get pretty experienced at picking places that serve good food in a hurry.

"I've found that a real good indication is one of these Heinz Soup Kitchens you see in so many places. When I spot one, I know I can get a bowl of swell-tasting *Heinz Soup—or a Heinz Minute Meal—right away.* I generally find, too, that where they serve *Heinz* foods, everything else is tops as well!"

P.S. *As you'd expect, the ready-to-serve Heinz Soups you get when you eat out have the same high quality as the Heinz Condensed Soups you serve at home. You can get piping-hot* ***Heinz Soups*** *and* ***Minute Meals*** *in vending machines in many plants and office buildings, too.*

You feel at home wherever you find

HEINZ QUALITY FOODS

TRACK *continued*

ordered the asphalt roadway rebuilt so that the financially rewarding midget auto racers could rent the stadium again. There was some talk of laying the asphalt on top of the Pan American En-Tout-Cas, but track and field partisans screamed in pain, and the precious red stuff was dug up and put back in its barrels.

Notre Dame showed an interest in obtaining the deposed En-Tout-Cas, and Los Angeles Coliseum officials said they might take it off Chicago's hands. But Mayor Richard Daley, responding to the plea of Chicago Track Club Coach Ted Haydon, gave the track to the local runners.

On to Stagg Field

So England's mysterious mixture was sent over to Stagg Field, where it was stored through the spring and summer. This fall the University of Chicago put up enough money to install new curbing for the track, the city welfare department contributed a few workers and the En-Tout-Cas started going in at the hardly impressive rate of 10 yards a day—not fast enough for the job to be finished before a solid freeze stopped all work.

Coach Haydon, anguished at the thought of his precious track lying naked and unready all winter, rallied his club for its unusual Sunday workouts, and the do-it-yourself athletes are now on the last lap of putting in what is almost certain to be the best running track in America. One of its first major uses may be for a U.S.-Polish meet being planned for next summer.

That is assuming, of course, that nothing else happens to the En-Tout-Cas. Ted Haydon had a nasty scare the other day when a telephone call came from an official in the mayor's office.

"I understand you have some barrels of ours out at Stagg Field," the official said. Haydon, envisioning the possibility that the city wanted its track back, admitted cautiously that he did. "Good," said the mayor's man. "We want them when they're empty. We're going to pass them out for use as garbage cans in some of the poor areas of the city."

So Chicago's garbage will go into made-in-England cans, while down at Stagg Field the city gets a run for its money at last. **END**

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Mold of the future

Fiber glass boatbuilders across the nation are turning out a tough breed of graceful, seagoing hulls which may soon make the wooden boat an anachronism in marine construction

THE enormous slice of lemon meringue at right, standing in the main construction shed of the Pearson Corp. in Bristol, R.I., a few short years ago would have been classed as pie in the sky by most boatbuilders. Today it is a gleaming symbol of a fundamental change in their ancient art. This is a mold from which a boat will be born. In a few moments, workmen will begin lining the mold with fiber glass. Then they will coat the glass with a plastic called polyester, and within two weeks the chain hoist will reach down and pull from the mold the graceful hull of a 38-foot yawl of the new Invicta class. Six weeks later the Invicta, completely fitted for sea, will slide into the water to join a huge and growing armada of other vessels fashioned of glass by other boatbuilders across the nation. For, as incredible as it seems to yachtsmen raised in a tradition of wooden boats, at least 40% of the 400,000 vessels being produced in the U.S. this year will be of fiber glass. In some categories, such as de luxe outboard runabouts and cruisers, and in small and medium-size sailboats, fiber-glass construction is now almost universal. More significant than the number of glass boats, however, is the increasing length of the latest hulls.

Four years ago, when the fledgling plastic boat industry was first establishing itself (SI, Aug. 20, 1956), fiber-glass design was confined almost exclusively to small outboards, day sailers and other vessels that could be turned out virtually with a cookie cutter and that were not built to withstand the pounding a seagoing vessel must endure. Not a single ocean racer of fiber glass existed, nor was there a glass inboard power cruiser of comparable size. In fact, so little was known of the structural characteristics of fiber glass that the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story reporting the early trend conceded that "structural problems and a tendency of polyester to fatigue at points of stress have limited mass production to craft of about 24 feet and under."

The breakthrough into large sailing craft occurred in December 1956, when Naval Architect Philip L. Rhodes completed the 41-foot ocean racer Bounty II. A descendant of a successful wooden hull, the fiberglass Bounty II was frankly experimental. "We encountered no serious bugs—just a surprise," recalls Rhodes. "We engineered for the tremendous strength of laminated glass but failed to take into account its elasticity. We soon found the whole bow was flexible. From then on isolated beefing up at points of stress took care of any problems. Fiber glass is here to stay. It has such wonderful properties that I don't see how it can be replaced except perhaps by another plastic, as yet undiscovered. And that one will have to be awfully good."

Just after the Bounty was introduced in California, Designer Bill Tripp's Vitesse yawls (since modified and renamed Block Island 40) appeared in eastern waters and, to the amazement of many yachting traditionalists, began winning races. The first major victory was scored in the 1958 Edlu Trophy Race by Fred Lorenzen's *Seal*. If the 40-foot centerboard yawl had been built of taffy candy with peppermint masts it could hardly have caused more of a stir. Yet only two years later, plastic yachts of seagoing size had won such universal acceptance that there was virtually no comment when 12 of them, all 40 feet or longer, made the rugged trek to Bermuda. And none of these boats showed the slightest sign of fatigue or strain.

It now appears there is no structural limit to the size vessel which can be built of glass. A 44-foot yawl from the board of Tripp is being produced by the Mercer Reinforced Plastics Corp., and the same designer is well along with the development of a 52-foot keel sloop for a group of Chesapeake Bay yachtsmen. John G. Alden & Co. is not only importing a line of 47-foot power cruisers fabricated by Halmatic Limited of England, but the first of their 67-foot power yachts was recently unloaded in Boston for interior finishing in the U.S. "There's no reason why we should not be able to build fiber-glass hulls 200 feet long or, for that matter to any length," says Patrick de Laszlo of Halmatic. "Beyond about 130 feet it is only the economics of the thing which would prohibit it."

Moving right along with the trend in civilian craft, the U.S. Navy is steadily increasing the number of fiberglass boats in the fleet. Whereas in 1950 there was not a single plastic vessel on its small-boat roster, by 1956 there were 900, and now there are approximately 1,400 (almost 25%

continued

READY FOR PRODUCTION, Everett A. Pearson of Pearson Corp. stands in keel well of mold just before workmen start laying in fiber-glass mats for hull of Invicta yawl. Yellow color is gel coat which will give boat its final hue.

Photograph by Richard Meek

Scotch Whisky
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
12
CHIVAS REGAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD

SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES—*premium 12-year-old Chivas Regal and its burnished antiqued package embossed with crests and scenes from Scotland's legendary past. An important gift.*

Is it the mist from the Scottish moors or is it the sherry casks?

As you stand by the river Isla and watch the mist from the Scottish moors circle all things, you're certain that here, at last, is the secret of Chivas Regal's rare taste.

For this mist from the moors, with its memory of heather and peat, slips through the screened, open windows of the Chivas Regal warehouses and wraps the Chivas Regal casks in a blanket of moisture as they stand aging for a full 12 years.

Many Scots will tell you that in this silent blanket lies the secret of Chivas Regal's savor.

But Mr. Crichton says "No." He told us it was the casks themselves that help to smooth Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky.

And as head cooper, charged with selecting the storage casks for Chivas Regal, he has travelled to the south of Spain for casks that have aged Spain's finest sherry wines. He will tell you that the sherry-touched wood in these casks softens the contact between the aging Chivas Regal and the wood of the casks.

And then there's that story about the Highland spring water that filters down through the heather and finds its way into Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky. Seems that one day a nearby distillery, but a short walk away, wanted to use Chivas Regal's water. So Chivas Regal piped some of their Strathisla Spring water into the nearby distillery. Strangely, that water changed the very flavor of the neighbor's Scotch. And led many to believe that Chivas Regal had a spring of great rareness.

Allan Baillie told us that story—and this towering Scot, a fiercely dedicated man, and the chief blender of Chivas Regal, is as hard pressed as we to tell you if there really is a single secret of Chivas Regal. Even though it is he, himself, who blends with all his wisdom the 32 to 35 Scotch whiskies that find their way into a bottle of Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky.

Water, wood, wisdom—perhaps all three—and then again, perhaps the mist of the moors, or the smoke of the peat. The secret of its taste we may never fully know. The savor can be known with a lift of the cork.

For it is only then that you surely know why this is called the land's most wanted Scotch whisky. Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky. A holiday gift of rare heritage.

By appointment
to Her Majesty the Queen,
Purveyors of Fine Wines and Scotch Whisky,
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of the total), ranging in size from 9-foot dinghies to 57-foot mine sweepers. The Navy also has a design completed for an 86-footer and appears convinced that plastics are suitable for vessels of 100 feet and possibly quite a lot longer. In fact, fiber glass is already performing handsomely in some of the Navy's submarines. Reporting on a conning tower fairwater —a streamlined outer covering— which had been in use for 2½ years on the *U.S.S. Halfbeak*, the Commander Submarine Forces Atlantic Fleet stated: "The ability of the plastic fairwater to withstand the stresses during a hurricane is most encouraging. No more conclusive evidence of reliability appears to be necessary."

Only recently I had visual proof of fiber glass's inherent strength and ability to recover from punishment when I inspected a Pearson Corp. Triton named *Pywacket* which had been mauled by Hurricane Donna. *Pywacket* was one of some 15 boats driven against a breakwater in Bristol harbor. Scattered along the shore at the base of the wall were remnants of wooden boats: keels and frames, random chunks of topsides and deck, sections of cabins. Yet *Pywacket*, when pulled up on the ways, sat jauntily on her cradle, virtually unbloodied and certainly unbowed. A piece of her wooden rudder was broken off; there were hunks gouged out of her lead keel, and she had some deep scratches in her gel coat. But the integrity of her hull remained; she was watertight and she had not changed shape. There was nothing that plastic patches and a dab of epoxy paint would not make right. "Inside she's like a new boat," said a Pearson foreman, grinning. "Of course, we did have to rearrange the cushions and a few other things a bit."

In addition to its tremendous structural strength, fiber glass does not seem to deteriorate with age. In fact, the manufacturers of fiber glass are beginning to suggest that their product will last forever. "Forever is a long time," says Tony Cobb of Owens-Corning, a prime supplier to the boatbuilding industry, "but the first experimental boat built in 1944 still shows no change in the laminate."

With its manifold advantages, there is only one really valid reason why fiber glass is not even more widely used in the construction of large vessels. The reason is cost—specifically, mold cost.

Money for the mold

Nearly all fiber-glass boats are now turned out of molds, and the molding process, for the hull and deck of stock designs, though simpler and quicker than wood or steel or aluminum construction, still requires heavy equipment, exact engineering and a large initial investment of time and money. Virtually all U.S. manufacturers of boats between 25 and 45 feet use the same techniques: a wooden, so-called male "plug" is built—a full-size, minutely detailed dummy of the designed vessel. Next, fiber glass is laid over the plug to form female molds, for the hull and the deck. The boat itself is built up inside these female molds—gel coat first, containing the desired color *(as shown in the photograph on page 61)*, then layers of glass mat and roving (a coarse material like burlap), bonded by liquid polyester resin, which soon hardens. Later the deck is fastened to the hull, again by fiber-glass laminate, forming a structure of great strength and watertight integrity.

Unfortunately, the plugs and other preliminary steps in molding can cost almost as much as a finished wooden yacht of similar dimensions. According to Breckenridge Marshall of American Boatbuilding Corp., which builds the Block Island 40, "a single hull to the Bermuda Rule limit of 73 feet would be incredibly expensive, costing perhaps three times as much as wood. And the breaking point where the price would be comparable would be at about eight units."

In the case of the Invicta class, Everett Pearson says: "We will probably write off the cost of the mold over 10 to 12 units to keep the individual cost down for the buyer, but we could write it off with six hulls and still produce a boat competitive in

OUT OF MOLD AND RIGGED FOR SEA, 38-FOOT INVICTA IS FIRST-CLASS OCEAN RACER

price with comparable wooden boats."

In time, the cost factor in mold building should yield to technological advances. Meanwhile, despite the initial expense, fiber-glass boats are taking a larger and larger bite out of the market. The only remaining pocket of resistance to glass is among the big builders of power cruisers. Chris-Craft and Owens, the giants of the stock power cruiser industry, have not switched to plastic, although the latter will soon offer at least one smaller fiber-glass model.

"Those two just about own that part of the market," commented a rival builder. "It hasn't been necessary for them to change; they're doing all right as it is. But a situation might develop like Detroit and the compact cars, and they might find themselves losing enough sales so that public demand would force a switch."

One boat that may force the switch is Richard Bertram & Co.'s forthcoming 31-foot version of the Moppie design (SI, April 25), which won this year's Miami-Nassau powerboat race in such spectacular fashion. Another is the Hatteras 41, a combination sport fisherman and cruiser, and a third is Alden's 47-footer by Halmatic.

Today, four years after its first strong step into the boating industry, fiber glass seems more than ever the perfect material for boats. Unfortunately, some excesses have been committed in its name by manufacturers who were more promoters than skilled designers or builders. And in these cases complaints seem to stem from faulty construction rather than faulty materials. But as these fringe builders improve their standards—or are eliminated—and cheaper, quicker molding techniques are developed, it may well be that the wooden boat will become the marine curiosity of the future. Captain R. S. Mandelkorn, former comptroller of the Navy's Bureau of Ships, speaking unofficially but perhaps prophetically, declared that once standardization in construction is achieved, the wooden boat, for Navy purposes, would become "as obvious an anachronism as the steam locomotive." Another strong vote comes from America's Cup designer Olin Stephens. Asked recently what sort of craft he would design for himself, he replied, "I'd probably go along with the rest of the world and have a fiber-glass boat."

I believe I would, too. END

BLOCK ISLAND 40 (ABOVE) IS ONE OF 12 FIBER-GLASS BOATS THAT RACED TO BERMUDA

HATTERAS 41 IS FIRST BIG PLASTIC POWERBOAT TO MAKE DENT IN CRUISER MARKET

ALDEN'S 47-FOOTER MAY HELP PUSH OWENS, CHRIS-CRAFT INTO GLASS PRODUCTION

Victory with a smile

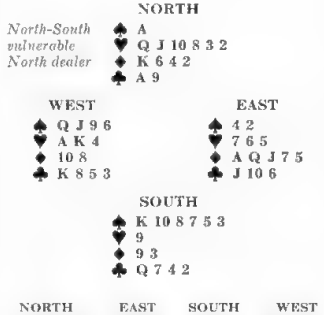
It was a happy Los Angeles team which overcame a bad start, hung on in an exciting last hand and again downed New York to keep the bridge capital on the West Coast

LAST Thursday at a few minutes after 11 p.m., Edwin Kantar, the brilliant young bridge player from Los Angeles, sprang from his chair in the crowded Georgian Room of the Statler Hilton Hotel in Manhattan and began jumping up and down with fists clenched while emitting slightly stifled screams. "We did it! We did it!" he seemed to be crying in his frenzy.

Kantar's performance supplied the final note of drama to the standing-room-only crowd of more than 600 people who were following the progress of a bridge match on a Bridge-O-Rama board at the end of the room. This was the final deal of the two-day 80-board challenge match between Los Angeles and New York for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy, emblematic of the title "Bridge Capital of the U.S." As some readers will recall, the Westerners won the first challenge match last summer when a late rally by New York fell just short of victory. So the rivalry in this return match only a few months later was running very high. Nonplaying Captain Kelsey Petterson of Los Angeles had shrewdly deployed his veteran stars, Lew Mathe, Meyer Schleifer, Morris Portugal; Ivan Erdos, Ira Rubin, Oliver Adams; and his youngest partnership, Harold Guiver and Edwin Kantar, performed with equal skill and effectiveness. The team had to be good to beat New York, led by Captain Waldemar von Zedtwitz and including Howard Schenken-George Rapee; Harold Ogust-Boris Koytchou; B. Jay Becker-John R. Crawford; Ralph Hirschberg-Richard Kahn.

Los Angeles fell behind by 7 International Match Points on the first board and stayed behind until the 63rd deal when it gained a 2-IMP lead. As the 80th board was first dealt in the closed room, Los Angeles led by only 1 IMP. However, on that deal Erdos was set 300 points—the equivalent of 7 IMPs—on a contract of two spades with the 10 of diamonds opening lead. So when the hand was shown in the so-called open room, where Kantar and his on-edge teammates were watching on the Bridge-O-Rama, everybody except the four men playing the hand knew that New York actually had a 6-IMP lead. The New York pair of Hirschberg and Kahn landed at two spades, just as had the Angelenos in the closed room. Obviously, if New York could keep from going down more than two tricks, it would gain enough to win the match.

At the moment when Kantar got so excited, he had clearly sensed that his teammates were about to set New York three tricks. Here is the deal.



NORTH (Hirschberg)	EAST (Mathe)	SOUTH (Kahn)	WEST (Schleifer)
1 ♥	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of spades

The Los Angeles rooters in the audience—and they were a highly vocal minority—groaned when it appeared that the queen of spades lead would work to declarer's advantage. But Mathe and Schleifer recovered by collaborating in a sturdy defense.

Dummy won the spade ace and declarer led a heart toward his 9. West took the king and returned the diamond 10. Dummy's king fell to East's ace and Mathe moved to extricate his partner from the impending end-play by shifting to the jack of clubs. South and West ducked, and dummy's ace won. The queen of hearts was led, and declarer discarded his losing diamond, allowing West to win the trick with the ace, but closing the door on any further heart leads. West got out with his remaining diamond and South trumped.

The result of the entire 80 boards now hinged on South's next play—and oddly enough it was Schleifer's seemingly unfortunate choice of the spade queen that tipped the decision in favor of Los Angeles. Had both spade honors still been outstanding, Kahn would have had little choice but to play the king of spades and continue the suit, hoping for a break and/or a throw-in play that would give him a club trick. The break would not have come through but the end-play would have, with West (Schleifer) winning two trump tricks but then forced to give declarer a trick in hearts or clubs. Had this happened, New York would have won the match by 2 IMPs.

But with the jack and 9 the only high spades outstanding, Kahn had hopes of a trump end-play—plus the certainty of winning a club trick if either opponent had started with three to the king. So, instead of the king of trumps, he led a low club.

East captured this trick with the 10 and led a high diamond, trumped by South and overtrumped by West's 9. The club king was cashed and the

TRIUMPHANT AFTER SUCCESSFUL PLAY, EDWIN KANTAR OF LOS ANGELES STRUGGLES INTO COAT AS PLEASED TEAMMATES STUDY HAND

fourth club led. East ruffed with his remaining low trump, and another diamond return insured that West would make his jack of spades for the third undertrick. The result, down 300 at both tables, preserved L.A.'s 1-IMP lead and her intercity title.

Adding to the tension, the Los Angeles team, after a previous warning, had been penalized 1 IMP for arriving late for the final session. For a while it appeared as if that penalty IMP might decide the match. It didn't, but the use of a new scale of International Match Points did. On that new scale, recently adopted by the International Bridge Federation and approved by the American Contract Bridge League—and used for the first time anywhere in this intercity match—Los Angeles won by 164-163. But if the match had been scored by the scale in use when L.A. captured the first contest between these teams, the result would have been 96-94 in favor of New York!

Close as the outcome was, it was generally conceded that Los Angeles earned its victory.

NewYork'salteredlineup,strengthened by the addition of five new players, made the match closer, but it did not dislodge Los Angeles from the championship and the right to meet challenges of other cities for the title of Bridge Capital of the U.S.

Let's examine some of the other hands that made this match so exciting, particularly deal 63, on which L.A. took over the lead for the first time in the match:

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 6
♥ J 8 2
♦ K 4 3
♣ 10 9 8 6 5 2

WEST
♠ A K 4
♥ Q 10 9 7 6
♦ 2
♣ A K 7 4

EAST
♠ J 10 8 7 5
♥ 3
♦ Q 10 7 6 5
♣ J 3

SOUTH
♠ Q 9 3 2
♥ A K 5 4
♦ A J 9 8
♣ Q

The audience, watching the open room play on the Bridge-O-Rama, saw New York meet only a mild setback, due to a slight overbid and some unfortunate breaks in the way the cards fell.

SOUTH (*Schleifer*)	WEST (*Hirschberg*)	NORTH (*Mathe*)	EAST (*Kahn*)
1 ♥	PASS	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	2 ♥	PASS	3 ♦
PASS	3 ♣	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of hearts

After winning the heart, South shifted to the spade 2, won by dummy's ace. A diamond lead to East's 10 was captured by South's jack and the spade 3 continued. Since declarer planned to ruff a diamond, nothing was to be gained by a finesse. He won with dummy's king, led the queen of hearts and trumped, then ruffed a low diamond in dummy. Declarer trumped another heart with his spade 10, led to dummy's club king and ruffed another heart with the spade jack. South ruffed the next club and led a low diamond to North's king and the defenders took the rest, to put East down three for a total of 150 points.

Then the audience learned of New

continued

York's disastrous result in the closed room, where the bidding had been:

SOUTH (Schenken)	WEST (Rubin)	NORTH (Rapee)	EAST (Erdos)
1 ♥	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
PASS	DBL.	PASS	2 ♠
DBL.	PASS	3 ♦	DBL.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of clubs

Although two spades might have been defeated (East made only seven tricks at spades in the other room), North had less than his bidding had advertised and felt he could not afford to let the double stand.

After winning the club king, West (Rubin) shifted to the diamond 2. East's queen was captured by South's ace. Declarer returned the spade 9, captured by East's 10 for another diamond lead, won by South. The heart ace was cashed and a spade trumped in dummy. East trumped dummy's next heart to lead the jack of clubs. South trumped and led a spade, forcing West's ace. As a result, when he trumped the next club with the diamond jack, South was able to cash the spade queen but could not win another trick. Down two cost him 500 points, and New York's net of minus 650 was worth 12 IMPs to Los Angeles and put them into a 2-point lead.

The 75th deal, which restored New York to an 11-IMP lead, was one of the best played in the match. Both the New York and Los Angeles declarers showed what could be done with a weak combined trump suit, despite the bad break against them. The difference lay in the bidding:

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 8 7
♥ A K 10
♦ A 8 4 3
♣ A J 7 2

WEST
♠ K J 10 6 3
♥ 4 2
♦ J 2
♣ Q 10 6 4

EAST
♠ Q 9
♥ Q 8 7 5
♦ K Q 7 6
♣ 8 5 3

SOUTH
♠ A 5 4 2
♥ J 9 6 3
♦ 10 9 5
♣ K 9

SOUTH (Schenken)	WEST (Rubin)	NORTH (Rapee)	EAST (Erdos)
PASS	PASS	1 ♦	PASS
1 ♥	1 ♠	2 ♥	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
3 ♦	PASS	4 ♥	DBL.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: jack of diamonds

EMBATTLED EASTERNER. Richard Kahn, argues with partner during tight match.

Previous to the above bidding in the closed room, the audience had watched Schleifer make 10 tricks at hearts, playing the South hand. But his contract was two hearts, so Los Angeles scored only 170 points. Now declarer (Schenken) let West hold the first diamond trick and won the continuation with dummy's ace. He led a club to his king and took a successful finesse of the club jack, discarding his remaining diamond on dummy's ace of clubs.

Next, declarer led a spade to his ace and returned a spade. West made the fine play of going up with the king to prevent his partner from being stuck on lead with the queen. West was able to shift to a trump without losing a trick. North's ace won and the last club was ruffed by South, East discarding a diamond.

Then declarer trumped his 2 of spades with dummy's king of hearts, effectively shutting out East's queen (a low ruff would have permitted East to overruff and return a trump, setting the contract).

East discarded his last diamond, but on the lead of a diamond from dummy he was helpless. If he ruffed high, South would discard his last spade. When he trumped low, South overruffed with the 9 and trumped his last spade with dummy's heart 10. East was able to score his queen of hearts at long last—but South remained with the jack of hearts to win the last trick and bring home his doubled contract, scoring 590 points for a net of 9 International Match Points and what, at that late stage, began to seem like a safer lead.

But Los Angeles took 13 IMPs on the next three deals. This set the stage for that final cliffhanger when, with the match in the balance, it was the New York team that fell off the cliff.

One of the biggest swings in favor of Los Angeles—13 IMPs—came one board before the end of the second half. At that moment L.A. was suffering (literally) from a 30-point deficit. The comeback was achieved when Erdos and Adams outbid Hirschberg and Kahn on the North-South cards of this hand:

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ A K J
♥ A 9 8 7 5
♦ Q 2
♣ J 8 7

WEST
♠ 10 7 5 3
♥ 10
♦ K 10 9 4 3
♣ 10 5 2

EAST
♠ Q 8 4 2
♥ K Q J 6
♦ J 8 7
♣ 6 4

SOUTH
♠ 9 6
♥ 4 3 2
♦ A 6 5
♣ A K Q 9 3

The New Yorkers, holding the North-South hands, bid four hearts. The L.A. pair bid it thus:

EAST (Rapee)	SOUTH (Adams)	WEST (Schenken)	NORTH (Erdos)
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥
PASS	2 ♦	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

This fishing expedition for a three no-trump contract was reasonably safe; if South had had four spades, chances were he'd have bid one spade over the one-heart response. Adams' heart raise, far from getting his side into the heart game, actually helped in reaching the no-trump contract. I do not especially recommend that immediate raise, but it is the Erdos-Adams style to raise partner's major on any three trumps, and the fact that Adams' three were the smallest in the pack did not deter him.

West opened the spade 3, which did not help declarer a bit. But the no-trump game contract was impregnable, with nine tricks on top (five clubs, two spades, one heart and one diamond). Los Angeles gained 600 at this table, plus another 100 at the other, for a total swing of 700 worth 13 IMPs. **END**

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PARFUMS
CIRO

GIFTS *continued from page 32*

English driving shoes (Les Leston of London); Lufft Barograph records barometric pressure for one week ($100, Abercrombie & Fitch); Sensenich aluminum propeller ($180, Van Dusen Aircraft); 15-inch hi-fi speaker ($80, Sonocraft); Robot Star II camera ($199) and Plexiglas underwater housing ($129, Karl Heitz); portable aviation oxygen unit (by Sky-Lyfe, $249.50, Van Dusen Aircraft). Jack Carter wears on his head an "Aqua-Vox" underwater diver-to-boat telephone ($250 complete, U.S. Divers); holds a helmet by Les Leston with a bubble shield ($8, Vilem B. Haan); and a Swing-rite practice golf club ($25, F. R. Tripler). His gloves and coveralls are from Les Leston, London.

THE STATUS SEEKER, page 28

Tastefully mounted on door to Tom Poston's horse's stall are squash racquet ($19.50, Feron's); 18th-century French dueling rapier ($150 pair, Robert Abels); shoe horn of copper and brass, with hunting horn on other end ($15, Dunhill); riding crop with pigskin cover ($2.95, Miller Harness Co.). Horse is a palomino; tied to stall is pet ocelot; mounted above, hand-carved 18th-century English royal coat of arms (George Karger). There follow handmade English riding boots ($52.50, Miller Harness Co.); oil painting, *The High Man*, by Elaine de Kooning ($2,500); Hanovia sun lamp ($159.95, Macy's); velvet hunt cap ($13.50, Miller Harness Co.); Allais-60 metal skis ($135, Sig Buchmayr); antique brass English coaching horn ($35, Juergens). G.E. Partio Cart is cookout wagon with electric surface burners and oven, charcoal barbecue pit, a removable umbrella ($750, Macy's); mounted male African lion's head ($70, Cypress Hills Taxidermy Studio); 24-inch Louis Vuitton suitcase ($205 plus tax, Saks Fifth Avenue); 19th-century French brass hunting horn (George Karger); 18th-century carved ivory Burmese chessmen ($750 the set, Carlebach Gallery); marbleized bowling ball with owner's initials extra ($28, AMF); imported Italian boccie ball and jack ($44 the set, General Sportcraft); assortment of 50 H. Upmann cigars ($41.50, Dunhill); antique silver ladies' muff pistol by Boutet ($150, Robert Abels); wicker wine basket ($1.95, M. Lehmann, Inc.); tennis sweater from England ($17.50, Feron's); 12-foot ocean-standard diving board of Douglas fir with polyester finish ($97, Ocean Pool Supply Co.). Jane's bathing suit is Helanca stretch nylon ($19, P & M); Picas Alcouer exerciser limbers any sportsman ($17, Abercrombie & Fitch). Wood-and-brass yacht cannon is model of 18th-century navy cannon ($125, Robert Abels); 8-inch plate has sports-car design ($4 each, Abercrombie & Fitch); S. S. Pierce canned roasted pheasant ($7.35, B. Altman); whole Scotch grouse in can ($5, B. Altman); bottle warmer is of badger fur ($5.50, Fur Flyers); 7¼ ounces of Strasbourg *foie gras au naturel* ($6.50, B. Altman); elephant's-foot wastebasket ($30, Juergens); rare wines and liquors are from M. Lehmann; 18th-century English china fox-mask stirrup cup (Ackermann Galleries); big-game fishing chair ($625, Abercrombie & Fitch); English cane polo mallet ($7.95, Miller Harness Co.); collapsible golf iron is Private-Pro practice device ($16.95, Abercrombie & Fitch); falcon and gauntlet from George Goodwin, from American Museum of Natural History. Tom Poston's blazer ($59.50, Chipp) has gold bullion crest on pocket. Polo helmet ($11.50, Miller Harness Co.).

THE PURIST, page 30

William Bendix's balloon basket is from Balloon Club of America, Swarthmore, Pa. New basket, with balloon, costs $4,000. Remington Wingmaster shotgun, model 870 ($89.45); 19th-century English powder horn ($125, Juergens Antiques); aluminum kettle and pails, part of complete camp cooking and eating kit ($11.10 the set, L. L. Bean); 12-inch insulated boot ($11.35, L. L. Bean); reflector baker ($7.45, L. L. Bean); kapok-filled, water-repellent duck bedroll ($31.85, L. L. Bean); handmade bamboo fluted hollow fly rod ($100, R.L. Winston); Surcouf 11-foot collapsible rubber boat ($150, American Clipper Corp.); Maine snowshoe ($19.50, L. L. Bean); Plymouth Goldline nylon climber's rope, 7/16-inch diameter, 120 feet long ($24.50, Camp and Trail Outfitters); buffalo-skinner hunting knife ($12.50, Hoffritz); capeskin hunting glove ($9.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); Aquatic snorkel ($1.50, U.S. Divers); Italian 12-point chrome mountaineer's crampons ($17.50 a pair, Camp and Trail); 18th-century flintlock tinder lighter ($85, Robert Abels); Austrian ice ax ($10.50, Camp and Trail). Swiss army knife has 11 functioning parts ($15, Hoffritz); fish knife has shot splitter, leader cutter, pliers, stone for sharpening hooks ($10, Hoffritz); hunting charm from Baluba tribe of Belgian Congo is of ivory ($230, Carlebach Gallery); red-leather hunting cap has moleskin-lined earflaps ($5.85, L. L. Bean). Winchester Model 94 repeating carbine ($82); rare presentation Henry military rifle ($1,675, Robert Abels); waist-high wading boots with insulated feet ($33.85, L. L. Bean). Titelite tent has aluminum frame, sleeps two ($89.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); woven-ash pack basket ($8.35, Abercrombie & Fitch); canteen with canvas cover ($3.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); wood and fiber-glass hunting bow ($47.50); arrows (12 for $19, Abercrombie & Fitch); plaid wool camping blanket ($13.35, L. L. Bean); aluminum omelet pan ($6.50, La Cuisinière). Mr. Bencix wears a cave-explorer's cap, with battery lamp (Mine Safety Appliances Co.); has all-weather brier pipe ($10, F.R. Tripler); a red-and-black buffalo-plaid Maine guide shirt ($7.85, L. L. Bean); Safari-cloth hunting jacket ($35); and canvas-faced pants ($20, Willis and Geiger). **END**

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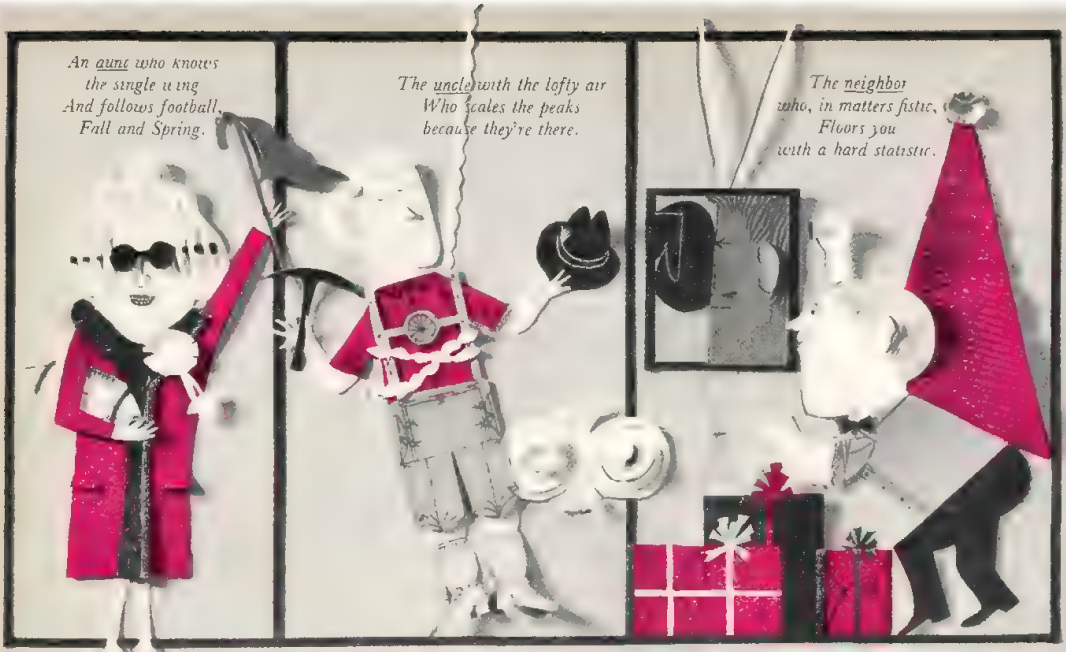

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THE DUTCHMAN

continued from page 18

behind a desperate Lindon Crow and grabbed a 35-yard Van Brocklin pass for a touchdown. Quietly, coolly and inexorably Van Brocklin thus whipsawed the Giants' fine defense into ineffectiveness.

"He's a terrific passer," Jim Lee Howell, the Giant coach, said after the game. "He put us in a tough spot."

Van Brocklin and the Eagles also had Bednarik. Bednarik played both offense and defense and in the closing moments he may have saved the game for the Eagles—and incidentally dealt a lasting blow to Giant title hopes—when he hit Frank Gifford with a crushing tackle. The Giant halfback fumbled the ball and the Eagles recovered. But when the play was over, Gifford lay unconscious on the field. He was taken to the hospital with a severe concussion and he is through for the season. This is an irreparable blow to the Giants, who next week must face the destructive Eagles again.

The special play put in by the Eagles for Sunday's game was designed to take advantage of Sam Huff's deep and abiding desire to make tackles in the middle of the line. It sent an Eagle halfback faking into the middle, so that Huff would come up and leave the 10- to 12-yard area over the center unprotected against a pass. Van Brocklin called the play five times in the huddle in the first half, only to change it at the line of scrimmage against an unpropitious Giant defense. On the last play of the third quarter Van Brocklin called the play a sixth time.

He faked the ball to his halfback, and Huff moved up to close the middle. Ted Dean, a young and very good rookie fullback, slipped through the Giant line into the area behind Huff, and Van Brocklin speared him neatly with a pass over the middle. It was a good call and, of course, it was made from the field.

It will be remembered that all the Eagle plays were called from the field, and by a field commander of certain genius. But another fact will also survive: this was the day on which pro fans sensed that the Giants were over the hill, that a great team was finally bowing to the combined assaults of injury and age. **END**

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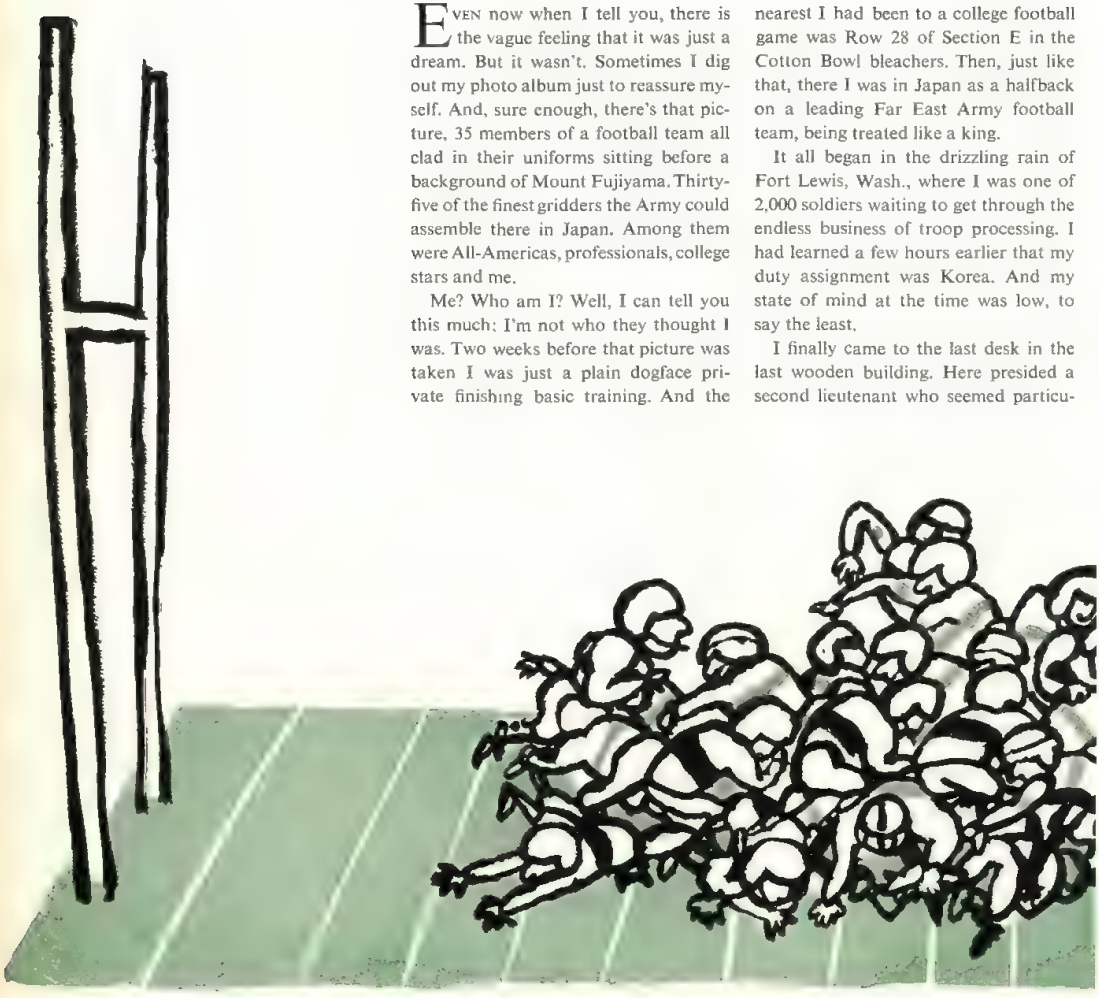
THE RELUCTANT ALL-STAR

by WARREN ROBERTSON



EVEN now when I tell you, there is the vague feeling that it was just a dream. But it wasn't. Sometimes I dig out my photo album just to reassure myself. And, sure enough, there's that picture, 35 members of a football team all clad in their uniforms sitting before a background of Mount Fujiyama. Thirty-five of the finest gridders the Army could assemble there in Japan. Among them were All-Americas, professionals, college stars and me.

Me? Who am I? Well, I can tell you this much: I'm not who they thought I was. Two weeks before that picture was taken I was just a plain dogface private finishing basic training. And the nearest I had been to a college football game was Row 28 of Section E in the Cotton Bowl bleachers. Then, just like that, there I was in Japan as a halfback on a leading Far East Army football team, being treated like a king.

It all began in the drizzling rain of Fort Lewis, Wash., where I was one of 2,000 soldiers waiting to get through the endless business of troop processing. I had learned a few hours earlier that my duty assignment was Korea. And my state of mind at the time was low, to say the least.

I finally came to the last desk in the last wooden building. Here presided a second lieutenant who seemed particu-

The story that follows is improbable but true. Warren Robertson does exist; he lives today in New York, a promising director-actor-producer. He was a draftee on that confused day in 1955 when the U.S. Army, in its infinite wisdom, selected him for extraordinary duty. He was indeed a tango dancer at the University of Texas who had known the game of football only briefly in his high school days, when he broke his collarbone and at once abjured all further ambitions on the gridiron—so he thought—for good. And it did indeed happen that once in Tokyo—but here his story begins

larly interested in the athletic section of our personal information forms. When the line moved me before him he noticed my name and my college, the University of Texas, and asked, "Did you play pro football?" His expression was quizzical, no doubt from observing my 160-pound (you might call it "sensitive") frame. My expression was quizzical, too, because I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. As if he couldn't tell by looking at me! I answered the question, "No." To this he replied, "Oh, just college ball, eh?" I decided not to play his silly game; it would have sounded even sillier to tell him that the closest I came to college athletics was dancing the tango in the campus musical, so I just said nothing at all. He must have mistaken my silence for modesty because he came back with an emphatic, "Oh, yeah, sure, now I remember you. Of course. Sure," and a lot of affirmatives that assured me that the lieutenant certainly knew the ballplayers worth knowing.

With that, the lieutenant arose from his desk and headed for the colonel's office just behind me. I heard him mutter something like, "Boy, can we use you." The "use" I had been accustomed to from my lieutenants did not allow me much encouragement from this comment. It was only when the colonel

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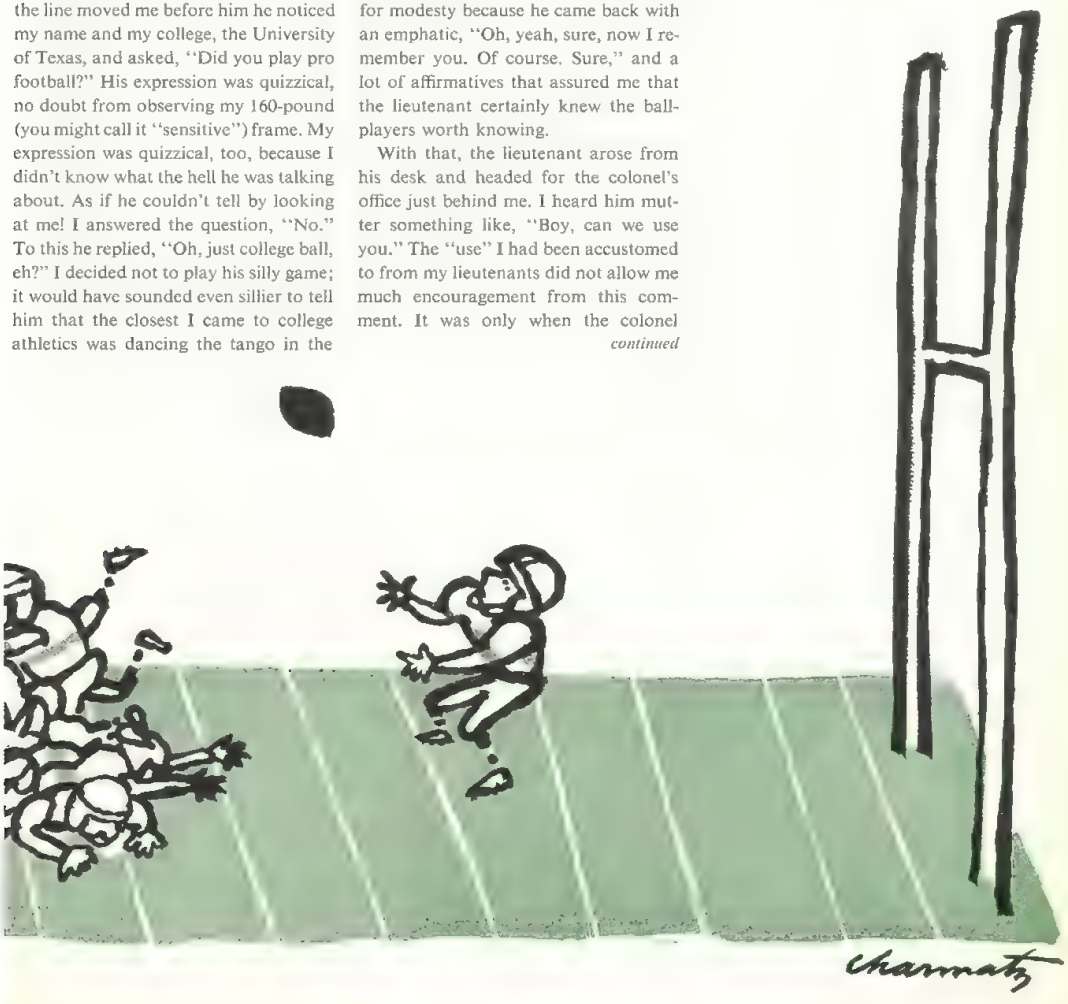

stuck his head around the corner of the door and smiled at me that I realized someone was making a big mistake.

The lieutenant hurried back to his desk, and he was smiling just like the colonel—a rare sight for a private. "Soldier," he said, "report for immediate flight to Japan."

There were about 40 bunks in Building 213. Only two of them were used that evening. I was in one; in the other was a 6-foot 4-inch, 225-pound All-America from Notre Dame. I learned later his name was Art Hunter; on that night I was too afraid to talk to him. One look at him and I realized the possible repercussions of the lieutenant's mistake. He was lying in a bunk at the far end of the barracks, so I just stopped where I was, hopped in a corner bunk and lay there. He didn't say anything and I sure didn't say anything.

By 9 o'clock next morning I was aboard an airplane flying for Japan. The passengers were 26 officers, Superman Hunter and me. And since the superman and I were privates you can guess who sat together. Fortunately, he was the strong silent type and said very little outside of "to hell with the Army" and "it's colder'n hell up here." I was most grateful for the fact that he didn't once mention his favorite subject, football. The only thing for certain I knew about football was that I didn't play it.

When we left the big plane at Haneda Air Base outside Tokyo, a corporal was waiting with a black military sedan. In a few minutes we were riding into Tokyo. It was raining, and everything ever put on wheels seemed to be zipping and zooming up and down around those streets. Umbrellas were everywhere. They looked like colorful, mechanized giant toadstools with little feet under them. The people were dressed mostly in robelike clothes and walked on little wooden shoes. And everything that had a horn used it.

All this excitement gave me momentary relief from my worries, but 20 minutes later they came back multiplied when we pulled into the gate of Camp Zama, United States Army Forces Far East. The sedan stopped directly in front of the commanding officer's headquarters, and the corporal led us directly to the man himself.

He sat behind a big desk, and he was a stern-looking, cigar-smoking colonel. He stayed stern for a minute and then he smiled and spoke. "Boys," he said, "it's good to have you with us. The big game with the Navy is next week. We intend —no, we *are going* to win it." Then he shook our hands with a firm grip and a look on his face like we're-all-in-this-together, men. He looked Hunter up and down like a rancher judging a prize bull. He added, "You look in great shape, boy." He then turned to me and hesitated a minute with a look of concern. He broke it with a smile and, "Must be pretty fast, eh?"

The preliminaries over, he gave us the lowdown. "Boys," he said, "we got a twix [Army telegram] from Fort Lewis telling us you were coming. We've had that lieutenant, a good man, assigned there just to see that we get the very best athletes over here. Why, we already have Larry Hartshorn from the Cardinals and Mike Takacs, who played with the Packers."

None of this, of course, explained why they had me; that came later. When the colonel had convinced us that he was a football supporter of no small repute, he wheeled around, slapped a swagger stick against his thigh and told us to follow him. He instructed the corporal to drive past his pet project, the new post football field.

Thirty or 40 of the biggest giants I have ever seen were at one end of the field doing little things like knocking the hell out of one another with paralyzing lunges. The impact practically shook the goal posts at each end of the field. We continued to follow the colonel toward these Gargantuas. By now I was experiencing a fear and internal weakness few men have known, and I was trying like the devil to emulate the attitude and gait of my All-America companion, who would just be another one of the boys to this crowd.

The coach halted the activity of the men long enough for our introduction. Superman and I shook hands personally with each member of the team. Since I was already shaking all over, all I had to do was hold my hand out. And, believe it or not, not one of them laughed at me. I just couldn't understand their taking me seriously as a football hero. But, I can tell you, I was certainly taking them seriously.

The next step was the football barracks. This was reserved exclusively for the football players, and there were Japanese houseboys to make up the beds, shine the shoes, care for the laundry and do the housecleaning. For this it might be worth risking a few broken bones. My duffel bag was carried by one of the Japanese boys into a room with three bunks in it. Until this time I hadn't known the Army made barrack rooms with less than 20 bunks.

I was just beginning to relax when I heard a noise like the mob scenes in a Cecil B. DeMille spectacular. The gladiators were returning. When the noise had subsided, there were two other men in the room with me. After sliding some football pads under their bunks they invited me to go have some food with them at the mess hall. I declined. After this day I just didn't have the stomach for it.

When my roommates returned I was lying on my bunk feigning sleep. In the course of their conversation I learned that I was being confused with a halfback named George Robinson from the University of Texas and that the team was

Robertson (arrow) *posed for picture with fellow Ramblers of Camp Zama in 1956. Team included Billy Boyd (70), four-year tackle from University of*

sure looking forward to my services. The fact that my name was Robertson, Warren, seemed not to make a bit of difference; I was here, so I had to be a football player, and I was "Robbie" from here on in.

I shall never forget putting on the football pads and uniform for that first practice. We never had equipment like that at Archer City High. The shoes were the only thing I was sure of. I watched the man suiting up next to me with all the concentrated attention of a first-year medical student attending a demonstration in anatomy. Needless to say, I was the last man out of the dressing room. As I started jogging toward the practice field I felt like the driver of an old and much-used Model T Ford: something, I was sure, would drop off any minute. When I took one look at those teammates in their fenders and frame, it was Mack trucks all the way. And a Model T Ford in the way of a Mack truck means a wreck on the highway. My wreck. Fenders, frame and all.

Once on the field I just kept running around and around it. Laps they call them. I was afraid to stop. I had to exercise utmost restraint to keep from running right on across the street, out the gate and down the road. Every time I ran by the coach I panted the words "Gettin' in shape, gettin' in shape." My crimson face and frightful respiration left him with no questions. He must have thought I was one hell of a devoted athlete, because I probably set some kind of record for laps around a football field. When the team ended practice that day I was still going around.

It took me about 15 minutes just to get up from my bunk the next morning. Every muscle in my body seemed incapacitated; from neck to toes I felt novocained. But once I had started moving I didn't stop. I felt if I sat back down or was inactive for only a few minutes I would never get the old engine going again. By the time I had washed up and dressed I heard the coach shouting down the hall, "O.K., boys. Let's move 'er out to the field. It's time for morning workout." The announcement of Judgment Day could not have affected me more.

Even though I managed to get the pads and uniform on a little faster than before, I was still the last man out on the playing field. The weight of the football equipment on my tired and aching frame was almost more than my wobbly legs could stand. But somehow I managed to push my carcass around the field twice. And, as if this wasn't enough, the team then formed a huge circle for calisthenics. Heaven only knows how I got through these exercises, but somehow I managed. By now I was almost ready to confess the Army's error and plead insanity.

At the completion of calisthenics the coach began to call out various player's names. As he called a name, that player would slip a green undershirt over the top of his shoulder pads. These green undershirts would designate the "starting 11," or first team. As you may guess, I got a green undershirt. So here I was, huddled with a group of 10 of what seemed to me the largest men ever assembled, preparing to oppose 11 of the second-largest men ever assembled. This conflict was referred to as "intersquad scrimmage." The first team was to take the football and run "offensive" plays against the second-team "defense." And, as the devil would have it, the honor of carrying the ball first was awarded to none other than the newly arrived scatback—me! The only thing I was certain of about carrying a football was I shouldn't be doing it.

So, with what voice I could find to speak, I requested that I just run straight ahead, and be so kind as to hand me the ball gently.

As the team went into formation I found myself standing about four feet behind and staring directly into the hindquarters of my former traveling companion. When the ball was snapped to the quarterback, I just aimed at that target, shut my eyes and ran. About three feet forward I felt something slap me in the pit of my stomach. I had no choice but to grab my arms to my midsection. And to my amazement, I was locked around the football, still going forward. I must have advanced eight or 10 yards before I fell headlong over a prone body on the ground. That was the longest distance I had ever run with my eyes closed.

When I returned to our huddle the backslaps from my teammates were almost enough to exhaust the little energy I had left. Our friendly quarterback again favored me with the ball-carrying honors. This time I mustered up the courage to try it with eyes open. When I lunged forward toward the hindquarter target I realized the factors of the

continued

Arkansas' Southwest Conference champions of '54; Don Edgar (23), Utah's Skyline Conference Halfback in '52 and '53; Larry Hartshorn (62), four-year tackle at Kansas State College and offense guard with Cardinals; and Art Hunter (41), Notre Dame's 1953 All-America tackle, now a Los Angeles Ram.

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precious 10-yard advance. Big Art Hunter had moved my target forward, blasting an opening in the line that even Grandma Frickett could have made a 10-yard run through. But, just the same, when we returned to the huddle the backslaps were for me.

The rest of the afternoon when I stumbled, fumbled or goofed everyone just marked it up to my being out of shape or my unique style. They just wouldn't allow me to be less than the football

College skill as a dancer . .

player they thought I was. That night in the barracks I was actually beginning to feel like one of the boys.

The big game with the Navy was two days later. As we sat in the locker room, all dressed in our brand-new playing uniforms, preparing to charge out onto the field, I was petrified with fright. The practice sessions had been an ordeal by fire, but a real, live game was more than I could bear up to.

The coach and the post commander gave us a pep talk. The team was enthusiastic and ready. I belonged there. The Army band was blazing away with a spirited march, and nearly 2,000 eager fans were cheering. There was something almost hypnotic about the atmosphere. Maybe I was going crazy, but I was beginning to believe I was that football player for whom I was mistaken. By the time pregame warmups were finished I

was almost eager for the game to start.

This eagerness lasted until the official's whistle blew to signal the opening kick-off. Then quietness fell on the field and bleachers. With that quietness came the most nauseous fear I am likely ever to know. The period of time between the whistle and the kicking of the ball was like eternity. Seeing those 11 mammoth strangers poised with anticipated violence at the opposite end of the field absolutely froze me.

The ball was booted into the air, and I don't think I will have to tell you

may have helped the All-Star

toward whom it was falling. I was paralyzed. All I could think was, "Don't drop it, don't drop it; grab it, hug it but don't drop it." The ball came banging into my chest and, believe me, no mother ever clung to her child in greater desperation than I clung to that football. When I started moving forward it was the progress of a man mad with fear, and no madman ever moved faster. The coach later made some remark about it being the fastest movement for a short distance he had ever witnessed. When the opposition finally got its hands on me I was halfway up the field. I'm not sure, but I think I got up running after they had tackled me. The fans and my teammates interpreted this as enthusiastic aggressiveness, so there was great jubilance following the opening play.

The rest of the game I was in kind of

continued

for fifth row center stereo

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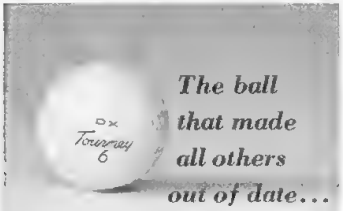

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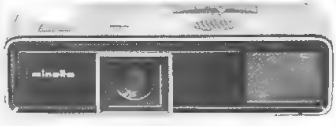

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a trance. I did everything a man would do for survival. And for me, that's just what it was. When the game ended I was one of the leading ground-gainers, having used only my favorite straight-ahead play. My maniacal rompings had scored one touchdown and helped with another.

As we journeyed back to our post that evening I felt as much a combat veteran as any man who had ever served the U.S. Army. And if Purple Hearts were awarded for this kind of service I would have certainly qualified, because I was just one big wound.

As the football season progressed, my fear of being discovered as counterfeit lessened. My confidence and football jargon were increasing by leaps and bounds. By the end of the season I was beginning to feel as though football were my natural career.

At the close of the last game of the year we were feted with a conference co-champion award banquet, and I stepped up to receive my letter jacket just as though it had been an annual event all my life.

I remained in Japan for two football seasons, playing on the Camp Zama team. If the officer responsible for mistaken identity was ever aware of the error, he never made it known. Personally, I think he probably saw my name in the papers back in my college days when I was picked up by Bob Hope as "America's Campus Casanova" in a nationwide talent hunt, and he would scarcely have wanted to admit that he later confused me with a football player.

As for me, I certainly don't hold a grudge. When my two-year military obligation came to an end and I was flown to the U.S. for separation, I felt saddened to go back to being just "me" again. Last January when I tuned in my TV set to watch the National Football League All-Star Pro Bowl game, there was my friend Art Hunter at the starting center position. When the game began I tried to visualize myself out there on the field with him. A flood of memories rushed through my mind—memories that compelled me to dig out my Japan photo album just to assure myself, once again, that it had really happened. And it had. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—DICK GROAT, 30-year-old shortstop for Pittsburgh who has been with the Pirates ever since he stepped off the campus at Duke University eight years ago, was named the Most Valuable Player in the National League by the Baseball Writers Association. Groat hit .325 during the season and, though he had only two home runs and 50 RBIs, his leadership was a major factor in Pittsburgh's pennant victory. Runner-up was Third Baseman and Hero Comparable Don Hoak, who received 162 points to Groat's 276. The AMERICAN LEAGUE awarded the new Washington, D.C. franchise to a 10-man syndicate headed by Lieut. General Elwood Quesada, present administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency. Quesada in turn disclosed the syndicate had named Mickey Vernon, Pittsburgh coach, as manager, and Edward S. Doherty, president of the American Association, as general manager of the new team. Vernon, a Washington hero, was the Senators' only two-time (1946 and 1953) American League batting champion. Quesada also announced the new club would retain the name of Senators.
DETROIT, hunting for its eighth manager since 1952, hired former Cub manager Bob Scheffing, after its No. 1 choice, Casey Stengel, turned the job down.

BASKETBALL—PHILADELPHIA, after a fast start, dropped three straight last week, to Cincinnati, Detroit and Syracuse, not so much on their opponents' new-found strength as on Wilt Chamberlain's weakness at the free-throw line. In the game against Detroit, which the Warriors lost by only one point (119-118), Chamberlain missed eight out of 13 free throws; against Syracuse, also a one-point defeat (106-105), Chamberlain missed 18 out of 27, for a season total of 63 in 164 attempts. "Unbelievable," said Syracuse's Dolph Schayes, NBA all-time scorer, who the night before the Syracuse victory over Philadelphia made his 16,000th point. "Any high school kid could do better."
ELGIN BAYLOR, pacing the Los Angeles Lakers to an easy 123-108 victory over the New York Knicks, set an NBA individual single-game scoring record of 71 points (28 field goals, 15 free throws) to break his old record of 64 points set last year in game against Boston. PHILADELPHIA, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings; ST. LOUIS, leader in Western Division.

BOXING—EDER JOFRE of Brazil won the National Boxing Association version of the world bantamweight championship with a one-punch KO over Elroy Sanchez of Mexico, at Los Angeles. In the sixth round Jofre fired a right to the jaw that put the game Mexican away, thereby earned the right to meet France's Alphonse Halimi, Europe's world champion, in a bout to end the world title dispute.
LUIS MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, undefeated contender for the welterweight title, slugged his way to his 34th victory with a 10-round decision over Yama Bahama of Bimini, in Miami Beach.
KAZUO TAKAYAMA of Japan retained his Japanese featherweight title with an 8-round KO over Katsuzo Nakamura, in Tokyo.
GENE ARMSTRONG, trading freely with Henry Hank, won a 10-round decision in middleweight bout at Madison Square Garden.
JOSE GONZALEZ of Puerto Rico edged Isaac Logart for a 10-round split decision in welterweight fight in New York.

CROSS-COUNTRY—PENN STATE checked Michigan State's bid for its fifth consecutive IC4A championship when three of its runners finished among the first 10 in the hilly five-mile trot at Van Cortlandt Park in New York. Penn State had a low score of 70 points, while Army, second, had 119, and Michigan State, third, had 130. Individual winner was BOBBY LOWE of Brown, who took the lead from the 180 runners at the halfway point, finished 50 yards ahead of Larrie Sweet of Alfred. Lowe's time: 25:40.4.
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, with a low score of 39, took the Southwest Conference championship at Austin over Arkansas, seeking its fifth consecutive title. Tied for second with Arkansas was Texas A&M with 50 points. Individual winner: JACK NELSON of Arkansas, running the three miles in 15:07.
NORTH CAROLINA captured the Atlantic Coast championship, closing out Duke's two-year reign, when the Tar Heels' GROVER EVERETT and Gerald Stuver finished one-two. Everett ran the 3.8 miles in 17:53, at College Park, Md.

FOOTBALL—EDMONTON, on a field goal by Tommy-Joe Coffey with 16 seconds left in the game, beat Winnipeg 4-2 and won the Western Interprovincial Football Union championship at Winnipeg. Edmonton will meet the Big Four winner at Vancouver in the Grey Cup game for the Canadian pro title.

GOLF—LIONEL HEBERT of Lafayette, La. won Bakersfield's $15,000 Calif. Classic with 272 for 72 holes. Runner-up: Johnny Pott of Shreveport with 274.

HARNESS RACING—U.S. Harness Writers Association named ADIOS BUTLER for the Headliner Award as the outstanding horse of the year. Adios Butler set a world pacing record of 1:54⅗ last month at Lexington, finished the season by taking the $75,000 Hollywood Park Pacing Classic at Inglewood.

HOCKEY—*DETROIT, TORONTO* and MONTREAL tied for first place with 24 points apiece. Each club now has 10 wins, four ties.

HORSE RACING—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WHITNEY became the second owner (Calumet Farm was first in 1957) to earn $1 million in one season when Executive Groom ($8.60 handily won the $25,000 Clark Handicap at Churchill Downs. The $17,927 winner's share pushed Whitney's earnings to $1,015,666.
GARWOL ($6) revealed a strong finishing drive to win the $110,260 Pimlico Futurity by 1½ lengths over Bal Musette. Under Ismael Valenzuela, Garwol, purchased earlier this year for $32,000 by owner Louis Wolfson, covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅘. The $68,256.70 winner's share put owner Wolfson, a relative newcomer to racing, right behind C. V. Whitney as money-winner of the season, and seemed to prove his claim that he could swiftly achieve racing prominence through massive investment.
DON POGLIO ($4) coasted to an easy 7-length victory over Manassa Mauler in the $83,121 Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct. Ridden by Sammy Boulmetis, the Argentine-bred colt covered the 1¼ miles in 2:05⅘.

HORSE SHOW—UNITED STATES retained the Prix des Nations trophy in the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show at Toronto. The U.S. team, composed of George Morris, Frank Chapot and Hugh Wiley, won with only four faults. UNITED STATES also won the International team championship with 41 points. Canada was second with 38, Ireland third with 17.

MOTOR SPORTS—STIRLING MOSS won the U.S. Grand Prix at Riverside, Calif. and clinched third place in world standings (see page 20). In this last Formula I race of the year Moss averaged nearly 100 mph in his Rob Walker Lotus, finished 38 seconds ahead of Scotland's Innes Ireland.

TENNIS—NEALE FRASER, recovering from food poisoning, nevertheless stopped an eager Barry MacKay 10-8, 6-4, 7-5 for the New South Wales championship at Sydney. In an all-Australian doubles final FRASER and ROY EMERSON defeated Rod Laver and Bob Mark 6-2, 14-12, 6-4.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: LOU STRONG, 47, of Oak Hill CC in Rochester, N.Y., as president of the Professional Golfers Association, at Scottsdale, Ariz. A professional golfer for 30 years, Strong was PGA secretary.
ELECTED: EDISON MANTLEBERT PEATROSS, Virginia manufacturer and former outboard champion, as president of the American Power Boat Association.
RETIRED: RUSTY RUSSELL, Victoria Junior College of Texas football coach. In 32 years of coaching, from high school level to Southern Methodist University, Russell won 239 games, lost 85 and tied 18, taught such stars as Doak Walker, Dick Hightower and Bobby Layne.
RETIRED TO STUD: BALD EAGLE, 5-year-old owned by Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, and winner of the Washington D.C. International this month.
DIED: THOMAS J. GIBBONS, 69, who went 15 rounds in title fight with Jack Dempsey at Shelby, Mont. in 1923, in his sleep, at St. Paul. Competing as a heavy, light heavy and middleweight, Gibbons lost only four times in 106 bouts, was bested only by Gene Tunney, in 1925 fight.
DIED: STANLEY P. JOHNSON, 42, former National AAU hammer throw champion, from a self-inflicted shotgun wound, at Bailey Island, Maine. Johnson won the championship in 1940 with a toss of 182 feet 6⅞ inches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—Frank Lyle Chesney; 10—Jerry Cooke; 32—Bob Peterson; Boy, Bonnie Bernstein; 38—Neil Leifer; 39—Art Rickerby-Pix; 40—Art Rickerby-Pix, Neil Leifer; 45—A.P.; 48—Roger Coral; 53—Logan Bentley, Jr., Tony Triolo; 54—Joe Robbins; 64—Tim Hamilton; 65—Neil Leifer; 66—Bottom, Mary Ann Steinmetz; 67, 68—Nat Fein stein; 77-79—U.S. Army photos; 82—Hy Peskin, U.P.I.; 84—Harold Lowe Jr., Nashville Tennessean.

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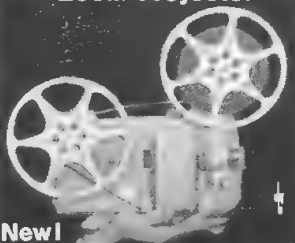

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19TH HOLE THE READERS

ADDED HEROES

Sirs:

Your article on Bobby Hull (*The Handsome Hero of the Hawks*, Nov. 14) fails even to mention a contemporary great who is just hitting his full stride. Frank Mahovlich of the Maple Leafs grabbed the Calder Trophy from Hull with a 20-goal year when they were both rookies; he is now the second-highest goal-scorer in the NHL.

ALAN JEROME SUTIN

Toronto

Sirs:

The article should have been called *The Team of One Man*, and it should have been about the Detroit Red Wings and the greatest player of all time, Gordie Howe.

KENT COOPER

Detroit

EAGER EAGLES

Sirs:

After those high-flying, green-shirted Eagles swamped the Steelers 34 7 and rolled up 487 yards in the bargain, we Philadelphia fans thought we would get the nod at last. Instead it was the Colts and the Giants (*Life in the Old Boys Yet*, Nov. 14). Who's leading this league anyway?

ALEXANDER N. RUBIN JR.

Havertown, Pa.

● For information on the high-flying Eagles, turn back to page 16.—ED.

Sirs:

There are other teams in the NFL besides the Giants and the Colts. It's a shock, isn't it?

DAVID JOHNSON

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

Why don't you wake up! Green Bay has an excellent team and will go on to further heights.

JOHN W. O'LEARY III

Milwaukee

GOLDEN GOPHERS

Sirs:

I've been reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for five years and never have I read a more inaccurate account of a great football game (*Fever in Minneapolis*, Nov. 14).

Not taking anything away from a fine Minnesota line, I would hardly go so far as to say Iowa was "whipped to a stubble."

I believe you left out the part about Minnesota receiving only three first downs in the opening half.

MIKE CHAMPION

O'Neill, Neb.

Sirs:

You can rant and rave all you want about the tremendous, wide-open offenses of Iowa, New Mexico State and Ohio State, but the best offense is still a good defense, and that's Minnesota's Golden Gophers, the No. 1 team in the nation.

RAYMOND CUMMINGS

Carthage, Mo.

Sirs:

Iowa is still king.

ROBERT L. STEELE

Cedarburg, Wis.

FRESH-WATER PRESIDENT

Sirs:

Re Kansas City's World Champion Fresh-water Fisherman Harold Ensley (FACES IN THE CROWD, Nov. 14). I know a lot of people look like Harry Truman—but this is ridiculous! (*See below.*)

JOHN A. RIDDLE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

HAROLD

HARRY

MATTERHORN STORE

Sirs:

Where can I purchase the fourth edition of *The Guinness Book of Records*, a "Matterhorn of minutiae, now on sale" (SCORECARD, Nov. 14)?

JOHN LUCAS

W. Hyattsville, Md.

● Guinness Superlatives Ltd., Park Royal Brewery, London, N.W. 10 ($3.50).—ED.

OPEN QUESTION

Sirs:

If Jack Kramer now succeeds, as you suggest, in making all the so-called amateurs honest (*Open Tennis Openly Arrived At*, EDITORIALS, Nov. 14), he will not be doing much to help the cause of open tennis.

Who will be left of the amateur stars to oppose Kramer's professionals in the opens when they come?

EDWARD C. POTTER

Delray Beach, Fla.

TAKE OVER

SOWBELLY A LA MODE

Sirs:

Hurrah for Stanley Walker (*Down with Gourmets*, Nov. 7)! Anyone for pot roast?

MRS. GEORGE L. FREDRICKS
Northport, N.Y.

Sirs:

From the very beginning, I had a premonition that as the crowning glory of true-blue, down-to-earth American cooking Mr. Walker was going to wind up with sowbelly, 'lasses and biscuits. Southern cooking, with its grease and grits, is by far the most overrated cookery in these United States.

W. L. BARTLETT
Brooklyn

Sirs:

Stanley Walker is remembered as the brilliant city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* who resigned at the height of his editorial powers to flee the decadent environs of New York for the plains and fancies of Texas. He has been there for years, now, yet his rebellion seems not to have been assuaged by the blue bonnets, the northers or the Cadillacs. Writing for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED recently his spleen seems to have come completely unstopped.

Perhaps the hot, dry air of Texas is not the best antidote for anger. At any rate to get his solitary crusade in motion, Stanley sets up a Texas windmill, then has at it, at the gallop.

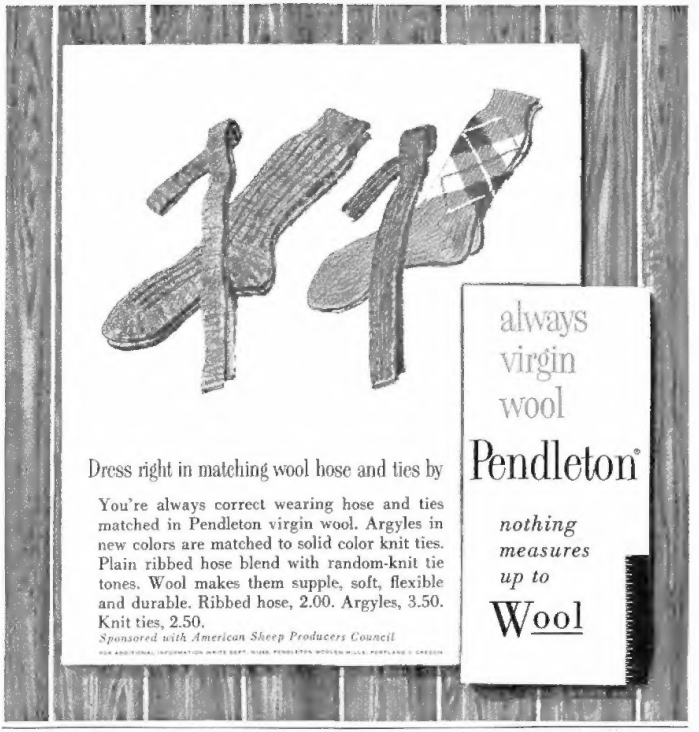
The iconoclast who denounces the use of the word chic in connection with food must know some pretty peculiar folk down where he lives. Do people in Houston, or Dallas, or San Antonio, or Austin, or Fort Worth or Wichita Falls sit down to a dinner-party table to mutter, "What chic potatoes"? Do they, really?

Walker charges on mad as all get-out, whacking away with hoe handles at what he doesn't like, but the conclusion seems to be that a dish is a dish is a dish—except when it has a French word in it.

No, no, no, Mr. Walker! Tilt at your windmills while the sand blows around you in Texas' searing hot winds, break your lances where you please but differentiate between a gourmet and a snob. And let the gourmets of the world continue to honor the men who have created the greatest dishes, from Louisiana frogs' legs to Maine lobster and corn, by continuing to use the tongue with which they were named.

Join us, Stanley, pull up a chair, any time. And leave that sowbelly to the hawgs. You're not really angry with gourmets, anyway, you're angry at pretense.

PHILIP N. OBER
Los Angeles



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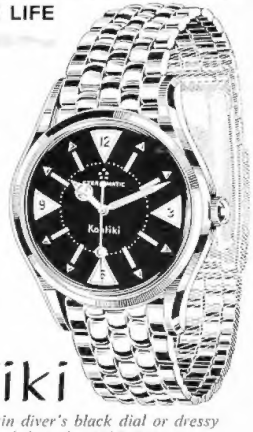

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MILTON LOEW

The thinking man's game

"It's a pity," Milton Loew of Nashville says, "that so many people stop playing checkers when they pass adolescence." From the time he first learned to play, in New York City at the age of 13, Milton himself has been singlemindedly devoted to the game. Last month at the age of 37, he became the official checkers champion of the U.S.

The road to the championship has not always been smooth. At 15 Loew won the New York Department of Parks checkers title, only to be disqualified as a professional. Some years later, after taking a bride, he belatedly found that she didn't and wouldn't play checkers. And always he has borne the checkers players' major cross, the agony of seeing chess players get all the glory. "Chess may be an art," says Champion Loew, "but checkers is a science. It is the real thinking man's game."

In winning the U.S. championship at Eau Claire, Wis., Loew, a busy trading-stamp company salesman when he's not bent over a board, bested 83 state and regional finalists. "We had to be in real good shape," he says. "We competed each day from 9 a.m. to as late as 3 a.m. the following morning. Then we were at it again at 9. I lost 10 pounds—just sitting there."

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